

August 1975

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Personal Glimpses

ONE fine sunny day, as comedian Victor Borge was leaving his hotel, the doorman said, "Spring in the air, Mr. Borge."

Borge did just that—sprang into the air—and then went merrily on his way.
—Jack O'Brian, King Features

MIKE Collins Day, celebrated in New Orleans in September 1969 in honor of the astronaut's return from the first lunar landing, started off with a motorcade from the airport. As director of public relations for the city, I rode in the limousine with Collins.

The lead motorcycle of the police escort made a wrong turn, and the other vehicles had no choice but to follow, with the result that the space hero was taken straight through a large, steaming, foul-smelling landfill and waste-disposal area.

We were still laughing about it when we put Mike on his plane that evening, and I again apologized for the choice of route.

"Don't worry about that," he said with a smile. "It teaches a man true humility—the moon one day, the city dump the next."

—Contributed by Jack McGuire

THE late Queen Mary of England, wife of King George V, was an avid collector of antiques. This was both a blessing and a trial to her subjects; when she visited a private home, any prized antique would have to be packed away out of sight for, if she admired it, et-

quette demanded that it be presented to her.

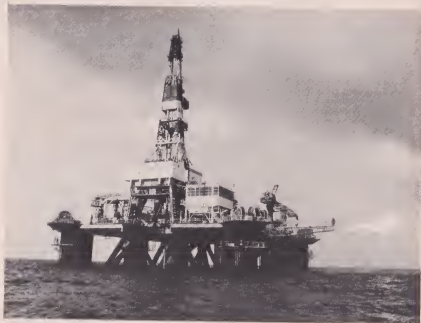
On one occasion, however, Queen Mary, visiting an antiques exhibition, noticed that a piece was missing from a collection of Wedgwood china. "I think I have seen that piece somewhere in Buckingham Palace," she remarked.

That evening, when only the doorman was left at the exhibition, a car drew up, and out stepped Queen Mary, the missing piece in hand. She had taken the trouble to seek it out, found it eventually in a kitchen, and delivered it personally to an astonished doorman.
—Contributed by Janet Quin-Harkin

SWEDISH film director Ingmar Bergman, in his late 50s, has no apprehensions about old age. "It's like climbing a mountain," he says. "You climb from ledge to ledge. The higher you get, the more tired and breathless you become, but your view becomes much more extensive."

—Charles Marowitz in *New York Times Magazine*

DURING a Newspaper Guild strike at the *Washington Post* last year, publisher Katharine Graham performed a variety of jobs on the paper. One day, she took a classified advertisement for a used Mercedes over the phone. The man ordering the ad asked her to read it back. Before she got through, the man said he was satisfied and added, "You do that so well that you must be overqualified for the job. I'll bet that



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Photo: The offshore drilling rig "Hakuryu II" succeeded in test drilling in the Sea of Japan.



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

5

this is not your regular work." Mrs. Graham agreed that this was so.

"Let me see," the man said. "You could be anyone from a secretary to—are you Katharine Graham?"

"Yes, I am," she replied.

—Philip Shabecoff in *New York Times*

WILL GEER, 72, who plays Grandpa on TV's "The Waltons," was telling young colleagues on the set how he got hired for the Broadway dramatization of John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men* in the 1930s. For the auditions, he said, "There was a line clear around the block—all young actors, and we looked pretty much alike, except that they all wore clean white shirts and I wore a dirty blue shirt, which was all I had.

"And there was John Steinbeck himself sitting in the front row, helping with the casting. He stopped me with a hard look and said, 'That boy looks as though he knows something about pigs.'

"And I got hired by Steinbeck himself, thanks to a dirty blue shirt."

—TV Guide

MALCOLM S. Forbes, writing of his father, B. C. Forbes, founder of *Forbes Magazine*, recounts:

My father had heard that Thomas A. Edison first became interested in inventing "incandescent light" as a result of anger at the gas man, who had turned off the gas in Edison's laboratory because the bill was too long unpaid.

My father queried Mr. Edison: "Is this true?"

The reply in pencil by Mr. Edison was written on the letter of inquiry, dated September 7, 1920: "In substance it's true. I was paying a sheriff \$5 a day to postpone a judgment on my small factory. Then came the gas man and



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he cut off my gas. That made me so mad that I read up on gas technique and economics and decided I would try to see if electricity couldn't be made to replace gas and give them a run for their money. I stuck to it for four years, but I was so poor an economist that I didn't hurt them at all, except lately—40 years later. Edison."

—Fact and Comment (Knopf)

PHILOSOPHER Irwin Edman, known for books of wit, urbanity and style, was an albino, and could barely read through the most magnifying lenses. Perhaps in some sort of natural compensation, he had a fabulous memory. He could literally read just once some essay in which he was interested, and have it "by heart."

"When you can only see a little, you must really look at that little," he said.

—Hiram Haydn, *Words & Faces* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich)

NELSON Rockefeller's self-confidence has always been supreme. A friend who served with him in Washington during the war remembers wistfully remarking that he'd like to see Gen. George C. Marshall, whom he didn't know. "You'd like to see Marshall?" asked Rockefeller, reaching for the phone. He made the call and promptly arranged a meeting with the general—whom he didn't know either.

—William Manchester in *Harper's Magazine*

BASEBALL columnist David Eisenhower, explaining why he writes so few player profiles: "I think I've been interviewed too much. I know what people don't want to be asked, and I don't ask it."

—Newsweek

Reader's contributions are solicited for this department. See page 7.

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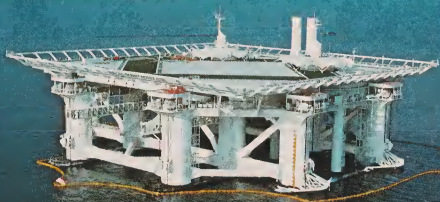
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AUGUST 1975

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The Black Spot

A personal encounter
with cancer

Condensed from THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
ROY ROWAN

FOR SIX months I had been saying to my wife, "My body chemistry is changing." I had noticed cold hands and feet, recurrent thirst, morning headaches and a slight weight loss. No one of these symptoms struck me as serious. But as a 54-year-old man who jogged three miles every morning and almost never got sick, I was curious about what might be going on in my body. Possible diabetes, I concluded. Lying in bed in our apartment in Hong Kong, I kept boring

my wife with my symptoms. "Go see a doctor," Helen would answer, and promptly fall asleep.

Finally, the time came for my annual visit to New York—and check-up with the company doctor. When I stepped on the scales, I had dropped ten pounds. No wonder my pants felt as if they were falling off as I rushed around New York on various errands! I was just putting on my shirt after the electrocardiogram and the usual thumpings when the doctor asked casually, "What about that black spot on your back? Is it new?"

A FORMER assistant managing editor of *Life*, Roy Rowan is currently Hong Kong bureau chief for *Time*.

I had first seen the spot three or

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four months earlier. I had been swiveling in front of the bathroom mirror to see if I had shaved all the whiskers under my right ear when I caught a glimpse of it, situated below my right shoulder blade near the center of my back. The spot was jet black, about half the size of a dime. It could have been a birthmark. I asked Helen, "Have I always had that spot?" She didn't know. I didn't either.

"Better have it taken off," the doctor advised, jotting down the name of a dermatologist. The next Monday, after a little novocaine and 30 seconds stomach-down on a sort of operating couch, I was on my feet, minus the spot.

"You live in Hong Kong, I see," the dermatologist said. "When are you going back?"

"Friday," I answered.

"We'll rush this through the pathology lab," he said. For some reason that was the first time it had sunk in that the little black spot might be malignant.

On Wednesday, I found notes all around the office to call the company doctor. The last message ended: "IMPORTANT—please call him at home after 7:30." Well, I must have diabetes after all. That was my first thought. Then I remembered the black spot.

"You have a small melanoma," I heard the doctor say that night. Melanoma? Cancer? I didn't ask. The doctor's voice sounded far away, aimed at somebody else's

ears as if I had cut in on two strangers' telephone conversation.

"The lesion can be excised easily," the voice continued. "There's not much to worry about." I watched my hand scribble the name and address of a surgeon.

A busy round of appointments helped absorb my bad news. Friday morning, I went to see the surgeon, a short, bald man who told me to strip and embarked on a meticulous head-to-toe tour of my body. "You have malignant melanoma," he said after I had dressed, speaking calmly and precisely. "Unfortunately, it's the kind of malignancy that does have a propensity to spread. The lesion is in a bad place. The pathology report indicates the melanoma cells are in an invading state." Not a tinge of emotion colored these words.

Then the surgeon picked up a silver ballpoint pen and drew a diagram of the operation he suggested. A circular area about the diameter of a baseball would be excised from my back. "If the melanoma has not metastasized," he said, "you have about an 80-percent chance of complete recovery." Metastasizing, he explained, meant transferring the cancerous attack to some other part of my body—my lungs or liver, perhaps.

"If the melanoma has spread," he continued, coming to the final possibility, "then you're in the Big Leagues."

Big Leagues. A strange choice of metaphor, to be sure. But what as-

tonished me at that instant was not the corny baseball analogy, but that I could have heard it with the same monotone of emotion with which it had been spoken. I felt no fear. No revulsion. No shock. If I had just heard a judge intone my own death sentence, I wouldn't be sitting there so damn serenely! When would the alarm system go off?

"I urge you to obtain a second opinion," the surgeon said. He picked up the telephone and called another doctor.

Thirty minutes later, a man with spiky white hair was peering at the lesion on my back through trifocals. He recommended a bigger operation—"radical surgery," he called it, including the removal of the lymph gland under my right arm.

I consulted the company doctor. "You decide," I said. "Tell me which surgeon and which operation to have." Then I hurried to catch the Metroliner to Baltimore. I had promised the second of our four sons, who had a summer job at a tennis camp there, that I would stop in.

As the sleek train slid over the Jersey flatlands, it finally hit me. I was convinced that my clammy hands, headaches, weight loss came from cancer. I was in the Big Leagues already! A wave of depression washed over me.

That night, I called Helen in Hong Kong and, as simply as possible, described the problem. I urged her to stop off and tour Tokyo for a day on the way to New York. That

way, I figured, she would arrive after the operation was over.

"SEMI-PRIVATE," I discovered, checking into New York Hospital, really means "quatri-private." As the new boy in a four-bed ward, I suppose I was lucky to draw a window, especially one commanding a spectacular view of the East River. Watching the boats go by, bound for Long Island Sound, my old seaside stomping ground, I felt very unick.

For 13 years I had lived on the Sound, in Connecticut. On this sparkling Sunday, my first impulse was to rush out of the hospital, jump aboard a boat and head for home. Home? Not from the Big Leagues you don't go home.

The surgeon interrupted my morbid thoughts. It was the man with the trifocals who had been picked to do the job. We quickly discovered that we had both served in the Philippines during World War II. Now he was over 70 and semi-retired. Did he discard the trifocals, I wondered, to do the close-up, delicate carving?

The surgeon seemed more interested in rehearsing the liberation of Manila than in talking about my melanoma, but finally he got to the medical strategy of my operation. "The lymphatic system is the main invasion route of melanoma," he explained. He lifted my pajama top and ran his right index finger across my back, tracing the path his scalpel would cut. His finger dug into my armpit and emerged on the front side of my shoulder where the foot-

and-a-half-long incision would finally end. The ducts, the glands, the whole lymphatic chain from the center of my back to the top of my right forearm would be removed. "The pathologists will examine the tissue completely," he explained. "They'll thin-slice everything."

Then, without warning, he tossed out a cold statistic: "If the melanoma has reached the axillary node, there's a 50-percent chance it has gone beyond."

TUESDAY, Operation Day, turned out to be the easiest day of all. No more surprises. No more options. Nothing to do but relax. An intravenous line was plugged into my left hand, seeping liquid into my body. My operation was starting.

I was staring up at the sweep-second clock on the white-tiled operating-room wall when a sonorous voice from behind me said, "I am your anesthesiologist." It was one o'clock—exactly 20 minutes before Helen would land from Tokyo.

A yellow-gloved arm reached out and unhooked the intravenous tube from the needle in my hand. A vial of white liquid was poured directly into the vein, searing my brain. "Count down from five," said the sonorous voice.

"Five, four," I heard myself say.

"You're in the recovery room, Mr. Rowan. Breathe deeply," the female voice rang out cheerfully. Euphoric, that's how I felt. My arms and legs seemed wrapped in electric heating

pads, they felt so warm. My brain was acutely aware of everything: of the patients laid out around the recovery room in various states of consciousness; of the nurses gliding between them, spreading the word to breathe deeply; and, yes, acutely aware of the fact that I had endured a physical ordeal and come through.

"What time is it?" I called to a passing nurse.

"Seven-thirty. Breathe deeply, Mr. Rowan," she called back.

My right arm was taped to my stomach. But—astonishing!—I found I didn't hurt. Not anywhere.

The stretcher began to move, and soon I was back in my own bed, staring straight up, waiting for something to fill the vertical void. Helen's face suddenly beamed down.

"How do you feel?" she asked.

"Fine. Just great."

Told to stand up that night, I felt a steel blade stab my brain—and fainted. But by 6 a.m. I was up walking, my feet steady, my head clear. "You be careful," cautioned a nurse. Careful, hell! I was in a hurry. In a hurry to heal, and to keep my legs from turning to jelly while the rest of my body was mending. If I couldn't run, at least I could walk.

It was the beginning of the four-day Fourth of July weekend, and the surgeon apologized. "We won't get your biopsy back until Monday." *What's the hurry?* I thought. I had to gird myself against cancer on two levels—in mind and body. Neither was ready yet to receive the result.

Besides the books, cards and flow-

ers which came in profusion, little batches of friends arrived at the hospital. They were all wonderful to receive, though sometimes I caught the visitors sneaking a sidelong glance that seemed to ask, "Are you dying, my friend?"

The surgeon had done his work, and well. Now I would do mine. I recalled a recent report that the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kan., had "incontrovertible proof" that some of its patients could control blood circulation and body temperature with will power, literally wishing away such afflictions as migraine headaches. Why not the threat of cancer?

Perhaps I possessed the power within my body to beat the melanoma. I put the question to the company doctor: "Could I build an immunity to melanoma?"

"Possibly," he answered. "There have been cases where even primary lesions have mysteriously disappeared. Yes, there is some evidence that your body could master the disease on its own."

Like everything else in the human body, immunity, I thought, must begin in the mind. First I had to block off any lingering doubt that the melanoma had spread.

Still stuck in mind, though, was that icy-cold statistic the surgeon had tossed my way: "If the melanoma has reached the axillary node, there's a 50-percent chance it has gone beyond." Tomorrow, at least, I would get word on the biopsy report.

Lying on my bed watching the sun dance on the East River, I decided that I could indeed steel my mind against any further incursion of this thing called melanoma. I could do it no matter how tomorrow's biopsy turned out. I had a simple choice—to spend the rest of my life waiting for the melanoma to strike, or to declare immunity. To believe in immunity, to depend on it, to feel its power. Suddenly I did. I was immune.

At 8 a.m. Helen telephoned. "What time will you get the biopsy report?" she asked. "I'd like to be there." Just then the surgeon swept into the ward, his white surgical smock flowing out behind him. Halfway across the room he started to shout, so loud that Helen could hear him: "There is no melanoma in the connecting link! There is no melanoma in the axillary node!"

But I knew it already. I wasn't going to be in the Big Leagues. Not this season.



A La Mod

A COUPLE told an acquaintance that they had just returned from their teen-age daughter's wedding. "It was most interesting," said the mother. "The groom wrote the service."

"Yeah," said the father. "And my daughter was all in white—from her sweatshirt to her sneakers!"

—Norton Mockridge, United Feature Syndicate

All over the world, the Soviet Union is callously and consistently ignoring agreements with the United States that were designed to reduce tensions. Here is the sobering scorecard

IS THIS DÉTENTE?

BY MELVIN R. LAIRD

OVER THE past several years, the United States has made major concessions and numerous gestures of goodwill to induce the Soviet Union to help defuse world powder kegs that could explode into war. We still hope that such efforts will eventually succeed. Certainly, everyone hopes to avoid renewal of Cold War confrontations. But it would be dangerously foolish to confuse hope with reality. Therefore, I am now persuaded that the American people ought to be told some unpleasant facts about the true status of détente, so that they can intelligently judge the Kremlin's current intentions.

The facts are that, in recent months, the U.S.S.R.—secretly and

openly—has repeatedly committed deliberate acts that mock détente and threaten the free world. Let's look at six deeply troubling actions:

1. *The U.S.S.R. has violated agreements to limit strategic weapons.*

On May 26, 1972, the United States and the Soviet Union concluded two important arms agreements. One treaty strictly limits both countries in their future development of anti-ballistic-missile systems. A vital component of any such system is powerful, sophisticated radar that tracks incoming missiles. Article VI of that treaty explicitly forbids testing any radar for ABM use. Yet our government now possesses evidence that the Russians have conducted radar tests specifically forbidden by the treaty. The Russians have not disputed our intelligence, but have insisted that the tests were for "safety or instrumentation" purposes only. The disingenuousness

of this reply cannot conceal the fact that the Russians have cheated on the treaty and may be developing an ABM system that would endow them with a significant strategic advantage.

The second accord limits the United States and the Soviet Union to approximately the same number of nuclear delivery systems. Critical to this SALT I agreement was the clear American understanding that neither side would appreciably increase the size of its intercontinental ballistic missiles—for larger missiles could carry more warheads and render the limitation on numbers meaningless. Now reconnaissance and other reliable sources have provided incontrovertible proof that the Soviets have cheated on this understanding. In some 50 silos, they have installed new missiles called the SS19, 50-percent bigger than most of their previous rockets. Deployed in large numbers, the SS19 will give the Soviet Union the capability to destroy our land-based missiles and bombers in a surprise attack. Six years ago, we and the Russians could deliver nuclear warheads of about the same destructive force. Today the Soviets can outfire us in destructive power by two-to-one.

2. *The Soviet Union actively assisted North Vietnam in making a shambles of the Paris peace accords and overrunning South Vietnam.*

At Paris in January 1973, the North Vietnamese pledged to re-

spect South Vietnam's right to determine its own political future. They pledged not to send more troops and arms into South Vietnam. Both pledges were promptly broken. The Russians, by continuing to supply North Vietnam with offensive war matériel beyond prescribed limitations, played a direct role in the treaty's sabotage. (We sent less matériel to South Vietnam than the treaty allowed, and all of it was demonstrably for defense.)

After the ceasefire, the Russians and Chinese poured into North Vietnam aid conservatively valued at \$2.5 billion. Among Soviet shipments: 115 modern tanks and armored vehicles, 300 tactical missiles, 1100 big military trucks. Such equipment was for one purpose only: renewed military attacks in violation of the Paris accords. And when the North's offensive began in the spring of 1974, Soviet tanks spearheaded it.

3. *The Soviet Union has reneged on its promise to guarantee uninterrupted civilian access to West Berlin.*

Ever since the Cold War began with the Berlin blockade in 1948, the Russians have employed stratagem after stratagem to strangle West Berlin economically, isolate it politically and capture it for themselves. In June 1972, we signed a pact with the Russians to ease the situation there. With Britain and France, we agreed to allow the Russians to establish a consulate in West Berlin and, at about the same time, to support United Nations membership for

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East Germany. The Soviets in turn pledged to ensure that the flow of people and goods through East Germany to West Berlin would not be obstructed.

However, once the consulate opened and East Germany was in the U.N., the Russians broke their word. From July to October last year, the communists deliberately—and repeatedly—stalled cars and trucks en route through East Germany. The latest treaty notwithstanding, the Russians still seem to look upon West Berlin as a hostage.

4. The Soviet Union is abetting terrorism and guerrilla warfare in the Middle East.

In Syria, East Germany and the Soviet Union itself, communist agents are training hundreds of young Arabs in the techniques of terror. The Russians have supplied to Libya's dictator, Muammar el-Qaddafi, deadly SA-7 heat-seeking missiles that can home in on the jet engines of commercial airliners. Predictably, Qaddafi has turned these portable weapons over to terrorists, allowing some to be shipped in diplomatic pouches. In September 1973, Italian police captured five terrorists armed with SA-7s on an apartment balcony near Rome's airport, poised to shoot down a Boeing 747. But the attempts go on.

And Russia continues to sustain a little-noticed but sinister guerrilla war on the strategic Arabian peninsula. The immediate Soviet target is the Sultanate of Oman, perched on the narrow Strait of Hormuz.

Through this strait pass 17 million barrels of petroleum daily, bound for Japan and Western Europe. At camps maintained in neighboring South Yemen, Russians supervise guerrilla training of Omani tribesmen. Armed with Soviet weapons, the tribesmen raid the countryside—their avowed aim (despite almost total lack of support among the people of Oman) being to win a "war of national liberation" in support of Soviet policy. Such control would enable Russia to cut at will half of Western Europe's supply of oil and three fourths of Japan's.

5. In Portugal, the Soviet Union is sponsoring a massive campaign to impose a communist regime subservient to the Kremlin.

The strategic location of Portugal makes it a key member of NATO. In April 1974, a coup ousted Portugal's right-wing dictator, Marcello Caetano, and hope arose that the country might peacefully transform itself into a democracy. However, with the coup, the communists sprang out of hiding as the country's best-organized and richest political party, even though the recent advisory election indicated that they had the backing of only about 13 percent of the people. But they did have the backing of the Soviet Union, which, in the past 12 months, has clandestinely provided them with at least \$40 million to pay party workers and hire street demonstrators to intimidate the opposition. With secret Soviet aid, the communist minority has gained control of the national labor

federation and is exploiting the press to spread virulent anti-American propaganda. Opponents to communism are still being purged from key government and military posts, to be replaced by communists and their sympathizers.

Absorption of Portugal into the Soviet empire would expose Spain to subversion, cost NATO indispensable bases in the Azores, open up the Atlantic to Soviet submarines, and fundamentally alter the world balance of power.

6. The Soviet Union has engaged in a relentless effort to attain military supremacy.

In the last six years, the United States has reduced its armed forces by 1.4 million men and women, cut the Army in half and lowered the number of Navy combat ships to the level of the year 1939. In constant dollars, we have slashed our military spending by 34 percent. This year, the defense budget will consume only 5.8 percent of the gross national product—the smallest percentage since 1950.

Yet our disarmament overtures have brought an *increase* in Soviet military allocations. Although the Russian economy has less than half our productive capacity, the Soviets are currently outspending us by 20 to 25 percent in every significant defense category. Their 4.2 million troops now outnumber our forces by more than two-to-one.

Meanwhile, we have granted the Russians long-term unsecured loans at interest rates below what the American home buyer, farmer, businessman or government must pay. And the Soviets continue to seek further credit, technology and other help from us. This adds up to a situation in which we subsidize the U.S.S.R.'s faltering civilian economy so that it can afford to mount an enormous arms buildup. For example, American engineers and money help construct in Russia the world's largest truck factory—and the Kremlin ships trucks to North Vietnam to help crush South Vietnam.

Clearly, we must shed any lingering illusions we may have that détente means the Russians have abandoned their determination to undermine Western democracy and impose their system upon the world. We must communicate to the Russians that the only alternative to *mutual* arms reduction is an American rearmament that would doom them to permanent military inferiority. We must show them that we will no longer tolerate the use of détente as a Russian one-way street.

In forthcoming issues, The Reader's Digest will examine strategic trouble spots and discuss further how to deal with the Russian challenge.

For information on reprints of this article, see page 56



If you do not think about the future, you cannot have one. —John Galsworthy

Christ as the Light of the World

In this meditation on the message of Jesus, a well-known British theologian traces the wondrous results of creative faith

Condensed from "THE TRUE WILDERNESS"
H. A. WILLIAMS

CHRISTIANS believe that Jesus Christ is the light of men—that he is truly God and truly man. We should expect him therefore to enlighten us about God and about ourselves. And this is what he did, not merely by his teaching but by what he suffered and achieved in his life, his death, his resurrection. He was born into a world and into a life similar in all essentials to our own. He was, therefore, confronted

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by the dark side of life. Of this darkness, one persistent form is the feeling that things are against us.

Let us consider this for a moment.

Perhaps we never had the opportunities which seem to have come the way of other people. Or perhaps some malignant fate has struck at us or those we love, bringing disease or death or some other disaster. Or perhaps nothing much has gone wrong, but we feel that life is hostile and threatening. We see it in what seems the harsh or indifferent behavior of other people toward us. Or, worst of all, we see it in the contradictions of our own nature which never allow us to be

the sort of people we want to be.

It is in darkness of this kind that Christ brings us light. He assures us that whatever else may be against us—even if we are against ourselves—God, the most real of all realities, is on our side, not condemning us but taking our part and seeing us through. The light of Christ dispels not only the darkness of our hostile world, but also the treacherous shadows of our illusions. For we often want an abracadabra escape from life, its dangers, sufferings, limitations and question marks.

In the attempt to fulfill this wish, we manufacture an illusory God—a sort of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp. So long as we keep in with him by trying to be good and moderately religious, then he will protect us and give us happiness and sufficient prosperity. True, some people will be killed in railway accidents, others will die in slow agony of cancer, but we and those we love shall be protected by our all-powerful magician.

But then circumstances arise in which our magician fails to act. We rub Aladdin's lamp, and no genie appears. We feel let down and angry. What's the use of a God who can't even look after the interests of his own? We'll pay him back by ceasing to believe in him.

What, in fact, we cease to believe in is our own invention, our wish-fulfillment of a God. And our consequent anger, doubt and despair can be the raw material from which

is fashioned genuine faith in the real God.

It is clear from the Gospels that Jesus felt the attraction of the magician-god, felt it as a temptation inevitable for man. Since he was hungry, wouldn't God help him to turn stones into bread? And if he threw himself from the pinnacle of the Temple, wouldn't angels pick him up? But such thoughts were dismissed as soon as they occurred. To act upon them would be to treat God as just a serviceable magician—and this would be blasphemy.

Jesus never expected any specially favored treatment from life. He recognized and accepted the power exercised over men, and so over himself, by chance and circumstance. He saw and underlined the enormous part played by necessity or fate in the shaping of human fortune.

Consider the choice by Jesus of 12 disciples. As man, Jesus was not equipped with magical powers of infallible insight. In choosing the 12, he submitted himself to the inevitable risk of making a mistake. And in so doing he brought a terrible disaster upon the head of Judas Iscariot. Such risks are an inescapable feature of our human condition.

Or again, there is a sense in which all martyrs are responsible for the guilt of their murderers, for it was the martyr's message that provoked the murderer's aggression.

Was it right, was it according to true charity, to provoke the uncompromising hostility of a high priest,

or to put a weak-willed Roman governor into a predicament where he was all but bound to fail in his duty?

Jesus did not seek to escape from such dilemmas as these. He accepted them as humanly necessary. There was no magician on high to release him from such inevitable tangles. And as he was dying upon the cross, he felt so much the grip of their deadly constraint that he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

How can the darkness of our human predicament, which Jesus shared, be the vehicle of God's own marvelous light? Let us begin with something familiar and use it as a parable.

The artist, be he poet or painter or sculptor, has no option but to submit to the limitations of his medium. The necessities of rhythm constrain the poet; the flat surface of the canvas and the properties of pigment constrain the painter; the hardness of the stone constrains the sculptor. The artist uses such necessities as the very means whereby he achieves his artistic triumph—the poem, the picture, the sculpture. In submitting to necessity, the artist has conquered it and made it the vehicle of his creative freedom.

That is what Christ did with human life and death. He accepted all

the brutal necessity in its thousand different forms. And in accepting it he conquered it, made it his servant, so that it did what he wanted it to do: convey the majesty of God's love for men. The instrument of Christ's total submission to human bondage—his death upon the cross—is the supreme achievement which draws men to him, saying, "My Lord and my God." This is the truth of his resurrection from the dead. Christ triumphed by making of darkness the very fuel from which is kindled the light of life.

God loves us supremely and cares for each of us intimately. But this does not mean that he will wave a magic wand to protect us. Life will take its toll of us, and ever and anon there will be darkness upon the face of the deep. But if we will, Christ can open our eyes to perceive the darkness as light, to see necessity as the means whereby we can obtain our freedom, so that we shall say, "We should never have known what love really is, we should never have known what living really is, but for the limitations and contradictions of our human lot, the perplexities and the pain."

✦ For information on reprints of this article, see page 56 ✦



ON VACATION in Colorado, I overheard a fellow camper say to the park ranger as two little boys watched them unloading firewood: "Ever notice how kids love to hang around work until they're old enough to do it?"

—Contributed by Robb Busch

Mission: Reopen the Suez Canal

In a remarkable display of engineering skills and international coöperation, salvage teams from five nations have reactivated one of the world's most important waterways

BY GORDON GASKILL

HER skipper was nervous that great day a few weeks ago when the Suez Canal was formally reopened to world shipping after eight years of dreary, deadly, disastrous closure. And the first vessel that sailed through did so very slowly and gingerly.

Never mind that experts of five nations who had cleared the canal would swear on a thousand Bibles and a thousand Korans that it was 100-percent safe. Never mind that time and again the ships and equipment used to reopen the canal had sailed back and forth without mishap. Subconscious doubts still lingered in the captain's mind: "Will my ship strike some forgotten obstacle, or blow up on some overlooked mine?"

Ships have always steamed very slowly through the Suez Canal (so

that their wash will not erode the banks), and thus their bow waves are small. Yet small as those first waves were, they sprayed symbolically into practically every major port and capital in the world, bringing smiles of relief. The open canal drastically cuts the huge waste of time and money that circumnavigating Africa has meant for the world's shipping. (A United Nations survey estimates that the closed canal cost some \$13 billion in inflated shipping costs and lost business.) But the reasons for the smiles went deeper than dollars.

Everywhere, Egyptian President Anwar Sadat's surprise announcement that the canal would reopen in June was interpreted as a silent olive branch held up in the tense Middle East. In Israel, the government relaxed a little. Moscow smiled,

too: now Soviet warships from Black Sea or Baltic bases could move swiftly into the strategic Red Sea and Indian Ocean. But so can U.S. ships.

Undoubtedly, though, the broadest smiles were on the faces of the Egyptians—to whom the Suez Canal is almost literally a matter of life and death. Technically, the canal had been cleared some six months earlier; but President Sadat kept it *politically* closed—as his ace in the Middle East poker game. Yet that ace was costing Egypt dearly. Every day the canal stayed closed, Egypt lost at least \$2 million in transit fees and related business—money desperately needed to alleviate her near-bankruptcy and dangerous unemployment. Every day's closure signified, too, that Egypt considered that she might have to go back to war. Thus, the reopening was at least a transient declaration of peace.

Dead Ditch. The canal's formal reopening was certainly exciting. Yet far more exciting to me was the work that preceded it. I had a hard time believing the evidence of my own eyes as I surveyed the canal last October, when it was nearly finished. I could remember 1956, when British and French troops invaded the country—and the years when Nasser's Egypt was violently anti-American. Yet, all these nations were clearing the canal, pooling their skills, equipment and good will, as if those tense years had never happened.

The challenge was enormous. On my visit the previous spring, an American helicopter whirled me low

over the whole 100-mile length of the canal, and I looked down in dismay. Both Egypt and Israel had bulldozed up great mounds of sand along the banks, systematically sown with mines to discourage later enemy crossings. No longer did Mediterranean water mingle here with Red Sea water; the Israeli army had filled in the canal from bank to bank, at Deversoir. And seven years of intermittent bombardment had driven more than a million people away from the once-prosperous western bank and left ghostly piles of dusty ruins.

Previously, the water below had been busy with as many as 85 ships a day making the Suez passage. Now nothing stirred in the stagnant stillness. Plenty of ships were there, but all were sunk, wrecked, rusting. Most had been deliberately scuttled in 1967 to block the canal. It was the most depressing sight I have ever made. The marvelous canal that a Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps, created in 1869—once hailed as the eighth wonder of the world—had been reduced to a mere anti-tank ditch, a menacing moat of hatred.

Team Project. That same afternoon, I sat in the cabin of Adm. Brian McCauley on the U.S. helicopter carrier *Iwo Jima* as he explained plans to rebuild. "First," he said briskly, using a huge map of the canal, "we'll sweep the bottom to make sure there's nothing left there to explode. Then we'll clear the banks—hundreds of thousands of mines there, they tell us. Third,



we'll lift out all the sunken craft, nearly 100 in all—and clear away that causeway at Deversoir, too."

When the admiral said "we," I thought he meant only Americans. I quickly learned my error. The "we" included the whole international team working to clear the canal and its approaches: Americans, British, Egyptians, French, Russians. If any problem came up, Adm. Ahmad Fuad Hassan, who headed the Egyptian team, simply called an informal meeting of the various experts. Egypt—mostly via the powerful Suez Canal Authority, which administers the canal zone—supplied the most manpower (with the United States next) and paid everyone's living expenses ashore. But as one American officer told me, "Sometimes we almost forgot

what uniform we were wearing. The job was divided up simply according to who had what equipment and skills."

The French navy, for instance, provided the skilled divers to clear the shallow waters along the edges of the canal to a depth of ten feet. Beyond that, British divers, plus Egyptians trained by American frogmen, took over. The Soviet navy cleared mines in the open sea south of Port Suez.

The British arrived first and went to work at Port Said, gradually working south down the canal. They brought a four-ship mine-hunting flotilla which included the experimental ship *Wilton*, built of fiberglass-reinforced plastic and thus much less vulnerable to mines activated by metal or magnetism than

a steel hull. Cmdr. David Husband told me: "Our sonar can spot any solid object on the bottom. But to identify that object, our divers must go down personally." That was tricky, he added drily, in Port Said's muddy water, where visibility was often almost zero. "Hard to tell a live shell from an old beer bottle."

The Americans came next, nearly 2000 of them at the peak, each an expert in his field. The *Two Jima* was the unquestioned star of their act. I lived aboard her for several days, and often rode her helicopters as they towed a unique detonation device along the canal surface. It was a sort of sea sled, generating such a powerful magnetic field that it would detonate not only any magnetic-triggered mines in the canal but even some inland.

On my first visit, the divers weren't yet sure what they would find. By my second, they had amassed a fantastic amount of junk. Adm. Kent Carroll, at that time in charge of American operations, told me: "We've found at least 58 different kinds of ordnance in the canal. Bombs, shells, cases of rifle bullets, tanks, trucks, crashed aircraft—you name it." The British commander showed me a list of thousands of objects his divers had found, including 458 sticks of gelignite, 209 tons of TNT and even a few dud mines that Hitler's planes had dropped more than 30 years earlier.

In all, some 700,000 pieces of unexploded ordnance were found in the canal and its banks. But, inevit-

ably, not without tragedy. One day an Egyptian army convoy was hauling away three truckloads full of mines. One of the trucks drove over an undiscovered anti-tank mine. It went off, killing 32 Egyptian soldiers. Although no figures have been made public, probably more than 100 Egyptians died in the canal-clearing work. No foreign lives were lost, but there were several injuries.

"Mighty Twins." The Egyptians removed the forbidding causeway at Deversoir, and they had the skills and equipment to remove about 80 of the small craft sunk in the canal. But ten large wrecks posed special problems. To handle these, the U.S. government contracted with the Murphy Pacific Marine Salvage Company to tackle the \$10-million job. Murphy Pacific used four pieces of equipment so dramatic in action that crowds often collected to watch them.

Two of these were German-built "heavy lift" ships that had to be towed all the way from the Philippines—a snail's-speed voyage that took nearly two months. Quickly nicknamed the "Mighty Twins," they were basically two huge floating tanks that could quickly flood—or empty—themselves. They anchored just above a sunken wreck, with exactly enough space between them to fit that wreck. Then they pumped themselves full of water until their decks were nearly awash. After that, divers went down, passed huge steel cables under the wreck,

and made both ends tight to the Mighty Twins.

This done, the Twins began pumping themselves dry, thus rising higher and inexorably lifting the wreck in its cradle of steel cables. Then they were towed off in tandem with the wreck between them, to a shallow, out-of-the-way part of the canal called Great Bitter Lake. Here they slacked off the cables and left the wreck lying like a beached whale to be salvaged for scrap later.

In addition to the Mighty Twins, the salvage firm chartered and brought from West Germany two enormous floating cranes, each able to lift 1000 tons. Divers used oxy-arc underwater torches and explosive charges to cut up the wrecks for the cranes to cart away.

Suez Habit. For me, nothing dramatized the incredible value of the Suez shortcut more than an exchange I had in Port Suez. "Suppose," I said to a navigator, "a ship was ordered to sail to Port Said by way of the Cape of Good Hope and the Strait of Gibraltar. What's that distance compared with the direct distance through the canal?" The answer: When the canal is closed, there are 12,304 nautical miles (14,159 regular miles) to cover. Canal open, 94 nautical miles.

Nobody yet knows, of course, how

many ships will use the canal, as it is far too small for the supertankers that now carry so much of the world's oil. (At present, it can take ships up to about 75,000 tons loaded and a bit over 100,000 tons empty.) Even ships that *can* use the canal may decide that the high tolls outweigh the savings in time and fuel. As more and more ships take up the "Suez habit" again, their transit fees (or their tolls) will begin pumping millions of desperately needed dollars into Egypt's depressed economy. And, with the canal open, the world financial community stands ready to provide the funds for irrigation, fishing, tourist facilities and other investments that could bring prosperity to Egypt. *If* peace can be achieved.

I remember my last night on the canal—a soft evening in Ismailia with a near-full moon that turned the Suez into a mirror of shining silver. I sat outdoors with U.S., British, French and Egyptian officers, all relaxing after a hard day's work. One mused aloud to nobody in particular: "Have you ever thought how easy it is for technical people like us to clear this canal? Let's hope the politicians can do as good a job *keeping* it open."

Everybody there nodded emphatically. Amen and In Sha'Allah (if God wills).



FROM your parents, you learn love and laughter and how to put one foot before the other. But when books are opened, you discover you have wings.

—Helen Hayes, with Sandford Dody, *On Reflection* (Evans)

A Reader's Digest "First Person" Award

Through the long night, the parents stood vigil for their son—their lives suspended in a web of horror and hope

"Sorry, Moscow Doesn't Answer"

BY MORT WEISINGER

A PLEASANT summer evening was drawing to a close in our quiet New York suburb. My wife and I were settled in the living room, ready to catch up with the world on the ten-o'clock news. We never got past the first bulletin:

Unofficial sources report a serious crash at Vnukovo Airport in Moscow. A crowded Soviet airliner, returning vacationers from Sochi, in the Black Sea coastal area known as the Russian Riviera, crashed and burned during landing. Many tourists, including Americans, were believed to be among the passengers.

My heart froze. Hank, our 21-

year-old son, was in Russia on a 16-day tour.

Halfway through the report, Thelma had taken my hand. At the end, without a word, she ran upstairs to Hank's room. When I got there, she was standing at his desk, looking at his itinerary:

Monday. Tour of Sochi, a subtropical port visited by 100,000 tourists annually.

Tuesday. Excursion to collective farm. Check in at Sochi airport at 5:30 p.m. to board plane for Moscow.

Thelma sat down in Hank's armchair. She kept looking at me. She

"SORRY, MOSCOW DOESN'T ANSWER"

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was very pale. "Hank's tour group could have been on that flight," she said. "How can we find out?"

How indeed? Feeling sick, I tried to think of some constructive action. "I'll call the travel agency," I said. But, of course, there was no answer. The agency had been closed for hours.

Next, I called the television station. Could they add anything to the report on the Moscow air crash? Nothing. They had given the complete text of the United Press International bulletin. They suggested that I try UPI.

When I called there, the UPI man had no additional information, and no meaningful guess as to the identity of the "unofficial sources." When I explained why I was calling, he helpfully added that the Soviets normally do not disclose news about air crashes unless foreign nationals are involved—and even then not for at least 24 hours. He counseled patience.

Thelma was sitting with her hands folded in her lap, looking withdrawn. I repeated what I had heard. After a moment she said, "Then we won't know for 24 hours." I tried to imagine 24 hours of feeling the way we did.

I remembered the evening we had driven Hank to the airport. He had just been graduated from college, and the trip to Russia was our combined graduation-birthday gift to him. We watched him board the chartered jet for Copenhagen, there to transfer to Russia's Aeroflot for

the flight to Leningrad. And so thinking, I remembered that Pan American was the only U.S. airline permitted to make flights into the U.S.S.R.

It was now almost 11 o'clock, and before I tried Pan Am we decided to watch the TV news again—maybe there would be something more. Switching nervously back and forth between channels, we caught only disheartening fragments of the same ominous UPI bulletin.

Then, within moments, the calls started coming in: from family friends, relatives, neighbors. . . . Had we heard? . . . Did we know anything further? The phone would ring again as soon as I put it down.

Finally, I got off my call to Pan Am's Operations Department. Once again I began making explanations to a stranger. He spoke gently, understanding the impact of what he felt obliged to tell me. The Pan Am staff at Moscow's international airport had reported a crash landing at nearby Vnukovo. He knew nothing more.

I summed up the conversation for Thelma. She began to cry, and through the tears she said, "Why don't we call the State Department in Washington?" But how does one call State at 11:45 p.m.?

We knew someone in Washington—a former neighbor who had joined a federal agency two years before. He'd known his way around. Information found his home listing. He answered the phone and knew what to do. The State Department

had an Office of Special Consular Services, where a duty officer was available day and night.

A few minutes later, I was speaking to that officer. He was reassuring, a veteran of countless emergencies, and he gave me the number of the U.S. embassy in Moscow. When I hung up, I told Thelma that the suspense would soon be over. Having said it, I was more frightened than ever.

It was now almost half an hour past midnight. That made it 7:30 a.m. in Moscow. Could I reasonably suppose that the embassy, too, might have someone on 24-hour duty?

When I dialed the operator, she referred me to American Telephone and Telegraph's International Service. I have seen countless movies and plays where overseas calls are consummated as easily as dialing for the weather forecast, but almost half an hour passed before our phone rang again. With the neutral intonation of a recorded message, the AT&T operator informed me that they were experiencing difficulty with my call to Moscow.

"Please," I interrupted urgently. "Please listen to me. . . ." And the whole painful story came pouring out. When I was through, there was a kind and concerned human being on the line with me. She would stay with the call and see it through at the earliest possible moment.

But there was an even longer wait before I heard again. "I'm sorry," she said. "Moscow doesn't answer." She didn't know what the trouble

was. Something with the cables, perhaps, or with Moscow's reception.

She had some cheer to offer, however. She was sure that everything was all right. She had been born under the sign of Gemini, and Geminis were known to be very intuitive in such matters. . . .

Thelma was hardly listening as I started to fill her in. She kept looking at me and shaking her head. Finally, she said, "I was the one who suggested the tour."

Another hour, then Gemini was back, her voice attempting to be optimistic. "Sir, Moscow still doesn't answer. We tried getting through via London and Paris, but that didn't work either. However, the operators in both cities told us they hadn't heard anything about an air crash in Moscow." How I hated to tell her what I knew!

"Well, sir," she said sadly, "we'll keep trying."

It was now nearly 3 a.m. Our lives seemed to hang suspended at the end of 12 feet of telephone wire. Once or twice we turned on a radio for the news, but it produced only bleak repetitions of the original report.

Sleep was out of the question; we were sentinels on guard duty. Thelma, her eyes red-rimmed and heavy, did not budge from Hank's chair. I went downstairs several times to bring up coffee, but she seemed to feel that if she left Hank's room some link might be disturbed.

And yet everything in the room evoked melancholy. There was a Frisbee lying on Hank's bed. He

had packed a "friendship kit" for Russian youths he might meet—things highly prized there like bubble gum, records and Frisbees. At the last moment, he had decided to keep one Frisbee for himself.

I thought of how diligently Hank had prepared for the trip. He had briefed himself by reading about Russia, and had memorized common Russian words and idioms from a phonetic phrasebook and borrowed Berlitz records. The records were still there in the room; I would have to see that they were returned. With daylight at the windows, I realized wretchedly that while I had never consciously surrendered hope, my brain was making plans to deal with disaster.

At a little past 6 a.m., Gemini called again, announcing jubilantly: "Here's your party." The voice in the American embassy in Moscow sounded like a young woman. I asked frantically, "Has there been an air crash at Vnukovo Airport?"

"Yes."

My heart pounded. "Were there any Americans aboard?"

Thelma was no longer in the room. She had fled the moment she heard that the call had gone through.

"No, there were no Americans aboard."

I burst into tears. When I regained my composure somewhat, I told the woman at the embassy that I had thought my son might be on that plane.

"What's his name?" she asked.

"Hank Weisinger," I said, and suspicion stabbed me. "If no Americans were on that plane, why do you want to know his name?"

"Because," she said, "perhaps I can tell you what plane he *was* on. Wait a moment." Soon she was back. "Yes, his tour was registered with the embassy. They were on the next flight, which landed on schedule. I'm very glad for you."

I rushed to Thelma. We hugged and kissed and wept. A few minutes later, the phone rang again. I thought it was Gemini. "Thank you for everything," I said. "We got through okay."

"I know that. But your son—is he all right?"

"Safe," I said. "He was never on that plane." And then I realized that it wasn't Gemini, after all. "You're not the operator I spoke to earlier? The one who said she was a Gemini?"

"No, sir. She went off duty. But we all knew about it. We've all been praying for your son."

THELMA and I sat in the kitchen—our hearts too full to speak. Sunlight bathed everything, and our tranquil world had been restored. Yet our thoughts were still a continent away. Soon Vnukovo Airport would be announcing the crash, and all over Russia telephone operators and parents would be linked together, holding on to one another in a dread web of horror and hope, waiting for their own answer from Moscow.



AUDITED CIRCULATION STATEMENT

For the year ended December 31, 1974

AUDITED BY PEAT, MARWICK, MITCHELL & CO.,
CHARTERED ACCOUNTANTS,
CERTIFIED PUBLIC ACCOUNTANTS, HONG KONG

1. Monthly Average Circulation for the year ended December 31, 1974

SUBSCRIPTIONS	264,076
SINGLE COPY SALES	84,013
Total Monthly Average Paid Circulation	348,089
Monthly Average Unpaid Circulation	13,166
Total Monthly Average Paid and Unpaid Circulation	361,255

2. Paid Circulation for the year ended December 31, 1974

Monthly Totals

January	359,572	May	355,896	September	336,982
February	358,207	June	357,259	October	332,999
March	373,065	July	346,186	November	323,196
April	367,071	August	340,263	December	326,372

Geographical Breakdown — June 1974

Country	Newsstand	Subscription	Total	Monthly Average for year ended December 31, 1974
Burma	3,220	—	3,220	3,199
Sri Lanka	1,870	8,926	10,796	10,552
Hong Kong/Macau	3,326	24,122	27,448	25,290
Indonesia	6,000	—	6,000	6,000
Japan	3,780	7,863	11,643	10,881
Korea	9,000	—	9,000	8,690
Malaysia	8,985	67,058	76,043	74,642
Singapore	4,020	34,001	38,021	37,694
Bangladesh	—	247	247	203
Pakistan	4,306	5,517	9,823	10,097
Philippines	36,647	115,895	152,542	148,359
Taiwan	2,754	3,115	5,869	6,021
Thailand	2,571	3,736	6,307	6,162
Vietnam	300	—	300	299
	86,779	270,480	357,259	348,089

I hereby certify that all the above statements are true and correct.

Truett Dwight Wakefield Jr.
Managing Director
Reader's Digest Association
Far East Limited

We have examined the above Circulation Statement and confirm that the circulation figures for year ended 31st December 1974 stated therein by the Publisher are in accordance with the records of the Company and the information and the explanations given to us.

Pear Marwick Mitchell & Co.
Chartered Accountants
Certified Public Accountants

Hong Kong, 10th June, 1975

And Now — Proteins From Petroleum

A revolutionary, factory-produced feed for animals could offer new hope for millions who are tragically undernourished

By PAUL FRIGGENS

TODAY hundreds of millions of human beings suffer from lack of proteins — the stuff of life itself. But as protein poverty becomes a mounting scourge, science is opening a promising new door: proteins from a yeast grown on gas oil.

Discovered by French chemical engineer Alfred Champagnat, and developed by the British Petroleum Co. (BP), "petroleum proteins" are now factory produced. Not long ago at the Institute for Research on Animal Nutrition (ILOB after its Dutch initials) at Wageningen, Holland, I saw hogs and poultry raised for the first time on this new source of animal feed.

The new process is likely to play a vital role in our survival. By the year 2000 we will have to be producing 35 million tons more protein every year to meet demand, and

of this only 15 million tons will come via conventional agriculture. Small wonder, then, that the breakthrough is stirring global activity.

After exhaustive research and over ten years of animal testing, British Petroleum, in collaboration with the Italian chemicals company, ANIC, is building a \$50-million, 100,000-ton commercial plant in Sardinia. Italy is one of the biggest importers of soybean and fish meal for animal feed, and the Sardinia plant will produce the equivalent in protein of some 135,000 tons of soybean meal or 90,000 tons of fish meal. Another company, Liquichemica, is building a plant of similar size in southern Italy. The Soviet Union, which bought 40 million bushels of U.S. soybeans in 1973, has recently completed a mammoth plant to produce this new kind of animal

feed. A Japanese company, Kyowa Ikkko, has been licensed to use the British process. Another British company, Imperial Chemical Industries (ICI), is planning to join the parade with a process of its own based on methanol from natural gas. Thus far, the new feed has met the standards set by the governments of ten European countries.

The basis of BP's new product—called Toprina—is a yeast that feeds on the waxy elements in petroleum. After fermentation and drying, it becomes an odorless, virtually tasteless, cream-colored powder that looks like flour and can be fed as a mash, meal or liquid. Toprina is about 65-percent protein (soybean is 45-percent) and has a good balance of the essential amino acids. It is nontoxic and free of the harmful salmonella bacteria to which fish meal is sometimes prone. Also, its production is unaffected by bad weather and poor crops.

The implications are tremendous. The human body is about 20-percent protein, and the amino acids in protein are the body's essential building blocks. But millions of people, particularly those in tropical countries with exploding populations, lack adequate amounts in their diets. Kwashiorkor, the deadly protein deficiency disease, kills tens of thousands of children every year in Asia and Africa. By the year 2000, with population climbing, authorities predict that

the protein shortage will be 20 million tons per year—and worldwide.

"Toprina offers an effective means to combat the anticipated deficit," says Dr. Pieter van der Wal, director of ILOB. "The protein it contains multiplies fantastically fast—probably 100,000 times faster than a cow growing on grain or grass. And, under carefully controlled industrial conditions, without regard to the vagaries of nature, this high-quality protein can be produced continuously."

For testing Toprina, British Petroleum turned to two wholly independent Dutch laboratories with high international reputations: ILOB at Wageningen, and the Central Institute for Nutrition and Food Research at Zeist. The two institutes tried the protein for both toxicity and nutrition on tens of thousands of animals. To date, seven generations of hogs and poultry, 16 generations of rats, 23 generations of quail and more than 700 head of cattle have been tested.

"We find it absolutely safe to feed to farm animals at any stage of the life cycle, and highly nutritious," Dr. van der Wal told me. The Institute staff has been eating ham and eggs from the test hogs and chickens, and I myself found the ham delicious. Eventually we may be eating the new protein directly. But much research is needed before it can be turned out with taste, looks and consistency

acceptable to man. Animals are used to a monotonous diet. Humans are fussier.

The Toprina story began when Alfred Champagnat, chief research engineer for the French branch of BP, was assigned to a newly opened laboratory at the Lavéra refinery, near Marseilles, after World War II. His staff was handed a knotty problem. The crude oil there was heated until it evaporated, and the refined oil then separated by condensation in cooling water. But how was the effluent water to be cleansed of minute traces of oil before being dumped into the Mediterranean? Champagnat and his staff decided to look for microorganisms which would feed on and consume the oil.

After lengthy research, they concluded the idea was impractical. But they did find some microorganisms that thrived handsomely on the waxy elements in the oil. This was another refinery problem: Freezing in cold weather, the wax frequently blocked pipes and filters, so BP was looking for a way to remove these elements and increase the "pour point." Champagnat attacked the problem. But "the only thing we discovered," he recalls, "was the impetuous growth of the microorganisms. They doubled in weight every two hours!"

One day in 1958 Champagnat took the train to Marseilles to confer with Dr. Jacques Senez, a distinguished microbiologist at the

National Center for Scientific Research. "I know that this microorganism explosion should lead somewhere," he told his old friend.

Senez listened intently. "To sum up," he responded, "you have produced vast amounts of cells, which are made up of proteins, fats and carbohydrates." At the word *proteins*, something clicked in Champagnat's mind. His daughter Liliane had prepared a paper for one of her university classes on the subject of world hunger. "And I was impressed," he remembers. "First of all, what hunger really means is not so much an empty stomach as lack of proteins; second, over half of the world's population suffers from this deficiency."

His daughter's words now echoing in his mind, Champagnat said excitedly: "Just think, half the world's population lacks protein—and here we are able to produce great masses of it! If we could make it edible, we could feed the world."

Senez agreed and the excited Champagnat hurried back to Lavéra to propose concentrating on a wholly new line of research: proteins from petroleum feedstocks.

"Quite interesting," his boss observed—but, after all, British Petroleum was *not* in the food business! Moreover, people would probably never eat protein from petroleum since the very thought of it was distasteful, and also it was possibly carcinogenic.

A few weeks later Champagnat

presented a paper before a group of technicians on "The Microbiology of Proteins Based on Petroleum." It aroused little reaction. But the Frenchman continued to badger his superiors, and in 1959 BP at last gave the green light to set up the world's first laboratory on "petroleum protein" at Lavéra. Encouraged, additional tests were made with yeast produced on paraffins—derived from a further distillation of the original crude. BP soon expanded the staff and also decided to build a second pilot plant at Grangemouth, Scotland.

Meanwhile, when Champagnat's wife Marguerite baked some cookies made from petroleum yeast, it produced a small sensation. Soon a call came from Prime Minister Georges Pompidou's secretary. "Could the Prime Minister have some petroleum cookies?" Marguerite baked another batch and shipped them off to Paris.

In the mid-1960s BP began large-scale feeding trials for toxicity and nutrition at the two Dutch institutes. Animals and poultry were tested from birth to maturity, control groups being fed on conventional rations with soybean and fish meal, while other groups were fed only the experimental protein. During the feeding, hogs, for example, were checked periodically for weight, behavior, general health, reproductive performance and size of litter. The digestive system of a hog is particularly

interesting, since of the animals used, the hog's most closely resembles the human system.

Slaughtered, the animals were then minutely examined by veterinary surgeons for any signs of abnormalities in the tissues or vital organs. In turn, tissues from the slaughtered animals were fed to rats to determine any toxic effect. "We paid particular attention to the liver—virtually the body's laboratory," says Dr. Antoon de Groot, at Zeist. "Of course, if the rats had died or showed any sign of abnormality, the product would have been abandoned." Similar tests were made on young calves, and in multiple-generation studies on chickens. Both meat and eggs were fed to rats. The results showed no negative effects.

"What mattered," says Cyril Shacklady, nutrition manager for BP, "was that here, in the toughest testing scheme we could devise, results were almost uniformly favorable. Poultry did about the same as on conventional rations, while 90 percent of the hogs showed even better performance on Toprina than on soybean and fish meal."

Having proved that Toprina was both safe and a superior animal feed, British Petroleum decided on its commercial plant now being built in Sardinia. Alfred Champagnat looks eagerly to its opening next year. Now retired outside Paris, he has received many honors, including the coveted French

decoration, the Legion of Honor.

Three years ago at Aix-en-Provence, France, a symposium of scientists, banqueting on Toprina-fed veal, heard Dr. Nevin S. Scrimshaw, then chairman of the U.N. Protein Advisory Group, and head of the Department of Nutrition and Food Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, suggest that under certain conditions "cautious human trials could be initiated." Some day, with

further testing, you may find factory-produced protein at your supermarket.

Professor Hugues Gounelle de Pontanel added: "Every doctor, nutritionist or political leader concerned with the problem of world hunger has now realized that the major problem is one of protein malnutrition. But today, following the work of Professor Senec and Alfred Champagnat, we have real cause for hope."

Information Booth

BRITISH TV producer Kevin Goldstein-Jackson has been collecting odd bits of information for most of his life. Some of them have now been compiled in *The Leslie Frewin Book of Ridiculous Facts*. What use are these facts? Well, you can use them, if you wish, to make opening comments in conversation. Or, they can be equally effective in stopping conversation cold. Some samples:

- The Finnish word for soap seller, *saippukauppias*, reads the same backward as forward.
- The most difficult English-language tongue twister is supposed to be: "The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick."
- There are about as many chickens in the United States as there are people in the world.
- An average horse performing average work produces only two thirds of one horsepower. This is because James Watt, the Scottish inventor of the first practical steam engine, deliberately understated the power of his engines when he first devised the term "horsepower" in relation to machines and horses in the 1780s.
- Roy Sullivan of Virginia was struck by lightning in 1942 and lost the nail of a big toe. When lightning struck him again in 1969, he lost his eyebrows; and in 1970, his left shoulder was seared. His hair was set on fire in 1972, when lightning struck him yet again.
- A man in India once grew a mustache 8 feet, 6 inches long.
- There are more reported ghosts per square mile in Britain than in any other country.

—Published by Leslie Frewin, London

Migrants No More

IT'S STILL hard for J. C. and Shirley Jackson to believe. After years of agonizing hardship, they now own their home, receive a paycheck every week of the year, have hospitalization insurance, paid vacations, sick leave and a pension fund. And their children feel that they're really part of a school.

What's so special about this situation? After all, it fits millions of families across the nation. But it is different—so different that it is quietly making labor history. For the Jacksons were once migrant workers. Now, along with some 600 other families, they are full-time citrus-grove employees of the Minute Maid division of the Coca-Cola Co. in central Florida, and have what virtually all the 200,000 migrants across the nation lack: job security, hope and status as human beings.

Quietly, a dramatic
“revolution” has taken place
in the once nearly hopeless
lives of these Florida
citrus-grove workers

The story goes back to late 1968, when Coca-Cola chairman J. Paul Austin grew interested in the efforts of Cesar Chavez to improve working conditions of migrant laborers in California. As a result, he ordered an investigation of working conditions at Minute Maid's facilities—a complex of production plants, citrus-fruit groves and workers' quarters sprawling across 30,000 acres in 20 Florida counties. Coca-Cola had bought Minute Maid eight years earlier and, since the business was turning a profit, had left operations in the hands of the original supervisors.

The investigation turned up an appalling situation. Life in the Minute Maid groves was awful. For the December-through-June picking season, the company depended largely on migrant workers. For some, Minute Maid provided, virtually free, company-owned shacks with no toilets or indoor water. Often seven or eight adults and children shared one rat-infested room.

The migrants worked in crews of 25 under a foreman, who picked them up in a bus. Paid on a piece-work basis, they averaged about 3½ days of work a week. If it rained, or the bus broke down, or illness struck, or the foreman decided to “sit down” a worker (not employ him for a day or a week)—no money. Without cash, the migrants could buy nothing, obtain no services. When ill, they were often refused admission to hospitals, and simply got sicker and died.

While working, they had no toilet facilities. In the groves they paid 35 cents a week to “Mister Charley,” their supervisor, for ice to cool their drinking water. Mister Charley also loaned them money at ten-percent interest a week (520 percent a year).

Says Georgia Rushing, now a community aide in the largely Coca-Cola-financed Agricultural Labor Project: “I was a picker for 20 years. When we got through with the oranges here, we'd go to New York or Michigan to pick apples. Wherever we were, we were only a pair of hands. Nobody knew or cared that

there was a human being behind the hands.”

Big Thaw. Chairman Austin decided that life in Coke's groves had to be different, and appointed a task force, headed by personnel executive William Kelly, to make it happen. It was, Kelly soon learned, a staggering assignment. “No company, as far as I could discover, had ever tried to solve the migrants' problems,” Kelly recalls. “There was no ‘how-to’ manual.”

At the outset, communication between the company and the workers was, in effect, frozen. In answer to inquiries, the migrants said that they had no complaints. They thought it safer to “tell the boss what the boss wants to hear.” Gradually, however, they opened up about their hopes and fears and grievances. And one fact became clear: any kind of flat-out welfare program would fail. “All changes should be long-range, not temporary,” Kelly's staff told him. “The workers must be given opportunities to help themselves, and benefits should go both ways—to the individual and to the company.”

Soon Coke began making changes—changes opposed by some of its own foremen. No more charging for ice to cool drinking water in the groves, for a starter; and toilets on all buses, which would be stationed during the workday in places readily available to the pickers.

Then came the big change, which Coke announced at numerous work-

ers' meetings: "Starting with two crews—50 workers—we propose to hire you on a year-round basis. As regular employees you will get hospital and life insurance, a retirement fund, paid vacations, eight paid holidays. After the orange season, you will be picking lemons and doing maintenance work in the groves. If it rains and you can't work, you'll still get your week's basic pay. If the bus breaks down, you won't be docked for the time it takes us to get another bus."

Then the company representatives added, "But you'll have to work like other regular employees. Five days a week. Eight hours a day. And we must be able to depend on you."

Fear of Change. In the world of the migrant laborer, this was virtually revolution. Some migrants didn't like it: 3 or 3½ days of work a week was enough to get by on. Some Coke supervisors agreed: "These people have never wanted to work a full week. You can't depend on them, and you can't change them."

Nonetheless, the program was activated. A few months later, Kelly asked the workers' representatives how the pickers liked the new schedule and higher wages.

"Well," came the answer, "after the season, everybody's quitting."

Several areas of discontent had appeared. For one, the pickers saw no point in reaching the groves at 8:30 and having to wait some days until 11 o'clock for the trees to dry out from rain or heavy dew. Also,

some pickers habitually worked at a fast pace for five hours, then quit for the day, having picked as much as other men who put in a full day in the trees. These workers didn't want to change.

Kelly now realized that the nature of picking made a rigid schedule impractical. So he loosened work requirements: If a man did his job in five hours, fine.

Coke smashed another precedent by forbidding field managers to make loans to the workers. A few supervisors promptly quit to work for other groves. Some pickers were aghast: If they couldn't borrow from Mister Charley, where could they borrow? (Many couldn't comprehend the mathematical significance of the frightful interest rate.) Coke said it would make emergency loans without *any* interest charge.

The workers greeted each proposed change with suspicion and skepticism, never believing until it happened. But what Coke was promising *did* come true.

"I got two weeks' vacation with pay," said Henry Dorsey. "They gave me \$180. I could rest. I been working for 45 years, and this is the first time I ever got paid when I wasn't working."

The hospitalization insurance wasn't real to Christine Parry until her two-year-old son, required surgery for an umbilical hernia. Insurance covered hospitalization and medical fees of nearly \$500.

"It's All Beautiful," J. C. and Shirley Jackson have five children,

7 to 15 years old. "We're into a new kind of life," Mrs. Jackson says. "Other summers, we had to borrow for the electric and grocery bills. We don't have that worry now. And if my husband gets sick and can't work, money still comes in each week. All these things have lightened our lives."

When it was decided that company shacks for families and labor camps for single men would be phased out, Coke field-workers told the employees, "That means you'll have to rent or buy housing. Since you're employed regularly, you can establish credit. We'll help you all we can."

An employee committee met with an architect provided by the company. Their desires boiled down to a decent community that would encourage ambition in their children, and safe, nearby recreational facilities. And, as one man said, "I want a house with a number on a street with a name, and I don't want my house to look like all the others."

Some families rented or bought homes on their own away from the groves. But for those who wanted their own community near their work, Coke contributed land along Lake Clinch. On it rose the community of Lakeview Park—85 homes, all situated on cul-de-sacs to avoid through traffic and noise. With prices at \$18,000 or less, and 30-year mortgages, down payments were only \$200, with monthly charges of \$70-\$100 a month—no hardship for a good fruit picker who

could make \$7000-\$8000 a year.

A homeowners' committee enforced the rules: keep your lawn mowed, keep the trim of the house neatly painted, no junk in the backyard, no rowdiness. Each cul-de-sac has a children's committee that polices the lawns and streets for papers and cans.

"I'm crazy about my house," Pearl Mac Davies told me. "It's the first place I've lived in that has running water and a bathroom. My own hot shower. It's beautiful, all beautiful."

Onetime migrants are also thinking ahead. "I started going into the trees with my parents when I was 12," said Fanny Christian, mother of three young daughters. "I'm still in the trees because we need money to furnish the house. But my girls will never do that. They go to the library to read and attend Brownie meetings. They're learning that there's a world outside the groves."

Everybody Wins. The library is part of a social-service center, one of four under the Project, each run by a community-development board of Coke employees and other community members. Six staffers, two of whom came out of the trees, conduct programs for children, encourage dropouts and adults to return to evening school for their high-school-equivalency diplomas, and arrange tutoring by local college volunteers for adults who can't read or write.

The center also contains a clinic, dental offices, a day nursery and two recreation halls. When the pro-

gram began, examinations revealed that two out of three workers and their families had illnesses requiring medical attention; virtually everyone needed dental care. A three-year grant of \$590,000 from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare launched the health program with a full-time physician, two dentists, two nurses and a public-health nurse to supervise screening programs. Medical and dental charges are based on ability to pay, and insurance covers most fees.

"We've gotten out of the migrant-labor business," says Bill Kelly. "Formerly, about one quarter of our fruit pickers were recruited from other states, requiring the dispatch of buses and staffs to hire them and

dormitories to house them. That's all finished.

"Six hundred of our 1200 employees are regulars who get the same benefits as any employee in Houston or Atlanta and are just as dependable. The other 600, seasonal employees, live in communities around the groves.

"Two winters ago, we used 52 harvesting crews—about 1200 people. Now we're harvesting the same amount of fruit with 900 people."

But the greatest significance of Coca-Cola's efforts can be measured in the words of Shirley Jackson, who said, "We've bought two lots, and we've built a house. It feels good to build something of your own. It means that you believe there's a future."

Fore Shortened

ALL his life a dignified English barrister, with a considerable income, had dreamed of playing Sandringham, one of Great Britain's exclusive golf courses. One day he made up his mind to chance it, since he was traveling in the area. When he asked at the desk if he might play the course, the club's secretary explained that he had to be a member or a guest of a member. As he turned to leave, the lawyer spotted a slightly familiar figure seated in the lounge. It was Lord Willoughby Parham.

He approached and said, "I beg your pardon, your lordship, but my name is Higginbotham of the London solicitors Higginbotham, Willoughby and Barclay. I should like to ask your lord-

ship's indulgence. Might I play this beautiful course as your guest?"

Lord Parham gave Higginbotham a long look and asked, "Church?"

"Church of England, sir."

"Education?"

"Eton, sir, and Oxford, with Honors."

"Service?"

"Brigadier, sir. Victoria Cross. Knight of the Garter."

"Campaigns?"

"Dunkirk. El Alamein, sir."

"Languages?"

"Tutor in French and fluent German."

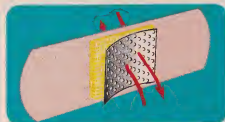
His lordship considered briefly, then turned to the club's secretary and said, "Nine holes." —Hugh Park in *Atlanta Journal*



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Three Tiers for Tokyo

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

Japan has turned multi-level living into a capital asset

WIDELY regarded as the most modern metropolis in the world, Japan's capital has emerged from the rubble of the Second World War not only rebuilt—but rebuilt on three separate levels. A network of elevated motorways criss-crosses above the city center like strands of a giant cobweb. From the transformed street level, high-rise structures rise as prolifically as dandelions bursting out of a spring lawn. And the third level, invisible until you enter it, is the most remarkable of all—the vast new Tokyo that thrives 200 feet underground.

My own introduction to this nether world was unexpected. After I had given the taxi driver the name of a shop I was seeking, he stopped in the middle of an immense public square beside a stairway that appeared to lead to an underground station. He kept jabbing a finger at the stairs, obviously urging me to go down. Finally I understood. The shop I sought was *underground*.

The long flight of stairs led down to a parking area filled with cars;



Evening shoppers browse in the day-bright underground center at Grand Central Station

from there another flight brought me to a lower level and into the incredible world deep below Tokyo.

Here were long avenues lined with glittering shops and restaurants. Overhead lights made the scene as bright as day, but did not discourage multi-colored neon shop signs. Many of the thousands of modern and attractive display windows had a touch of internationalism, with foreign credit card signs like American Express and Diner's, and discreet little notices telling you *English Spoken Here, On Parle*



REGAL INTERIA

Triple-deck Shinjuku Center shows how imaginative urban planning pays off. From the bustling square, ramps sweep down to the subterranean "city" below

Français. Most astonishing of all, however, was the sight of tens of thousands of pedestrians hurrying this way and that—crowds as thick as any round London's Piccadilly Circus. Like so many other visitors, I spent the first day roaming underground, starting in wonder.

More than a million people, including commuters and shoppers, jam these underground arcades every day. So it is hardly surprising that nearby department stores have rushed to tunnel their own entrances to these lower levels and their retailer's bonanza. All the city's most aristocratic jewelers, fashion

houses, and every other type of enterprise have opened subterranean shops. In one I bought the woodcuts of the nation's leading artists; in another pearls; in a third I found a large collection of books. Offices also dig down, creating as many as eight cellars and building their own arcades. Taking the fast underground routes, their staff become part of the daily crowds.

But the most amazing feature of the subterranean region I found myself in—the bustling ward of Shinjuku—was its size. It contains five miles of arcades and about 2000 people are employed in the shops or



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Tokyo at night glows with the lights of its super-highways. Fifty-seven miles of elevated roads criss-cross above the city, saving both space and traveling time

engaged in maintenance. And Shinjuku was only one of six such arcades beneath Tokyo, establishing these underground regions among the largest "cities" in Japan.

In the evenings, I discovered a very special quality below the city streets. A more leisurely crowd descends the 21 stairways from the Shinjuku square. To accommodate the late-comers, most of the underground shops remain open until nine or ten o'clock.

Down here one is apt to forget whether it is night or day, summer or winter, in the streets above. Time, lighting and weather never change. And, miraculously, one escapes the fumes and smog that pollute the Tokyo air. One shopkeeper told me, "When I had a shop on the surface I used to suffer from terrible sinus headaches. Down

here, where the air is so much cleaner, I feel wonderful."

City Planning Officer Yukinori Ichihashi explained how it all happened. In 1956, teeming with more than eight million people and 250,000 motor vehicles, Tokyo had little room to expand. Hemmed in by sea and rivers, it had one of the highest population densities in the world, and people were still streaming into the city at the rate of almost a million a year. Apart from land reclamation, there was only one place to seek additional space—beneath the streets. And the logical area to excavate was where municipal congestion was at its worst: round the railroad stations.

Leading the project was Dr. Masao Yamada. One of Japan's most eminent city planners, this calm, quiet man had directed the

construction of Tokyo's air raid shelters during the Second World War. At first his plan—for mass underground parking and Shinjuku's business center—was voted down by the government. Costing more than one billion yen (today about \$350 million) over a ten-year period, this was a stupefying 38 percent of the city's total ten-year budget. It would bankrupt Tokyo, said economists. Yet something had to be done about the overcrowded capital.

Eventually common sense suggested a plan. "Why stop digging only far enough for a car park?" Dr. Yamada asked the government. "Why not dig down another 100 feet below the same surface? Without acquiring additional land, we could establish a second underground level and build shops. Rental fees from these would bring in considerable income."

It had taken Dr. Yamada four months to get approval. Now his idea mollified many financial opponents. Purchases for all but two of the 366 surface buildings that had to be torn down for the Shinjuku center were made by mutual agreement with public-spirited Tokyo landowners.

Endless problems of ventilation, lighting, fire-prevention, temperature, water supply, bulwarks against earthquakes and floods now faced Dr. Yamada and colleague Ichihashi. But their most serious challenge was air conditioning: a very

large, expensive ventilation stack would make the square look like a factory site. With engineering genius and vision, Dr. Yamada and his architect devised a cheaper ellipsoidal opening in the square, 66 yards long and 55 yards wide—a huge, beautifully-designed oval. Air is inhaled through it and exhaled under ramps which run round its inner walls, and serve as an entrance and exit for cars.

Tokyo's achievements have won praise from urban planners of many nations, representing "more than a triumph of technology, more than an architectural breakthrough." This great forward step in social progress, points out an American engineer, has enabled millions of people "to live together in civilized comfort."

The entire subterranean development was made possible by Tokyo's underground railroad system—which, with eight lines extending for more than 100 miles, is now one of the largest and busiest in the world.

As trains connect all six of Tokyo's underground cities, one may shop in them all without coming above ground. One bitter rainy morning, two ladies from Manchester went underground to do their shopping, traveling from one area to another by train. "It was so cheerful and lively," they told me, "that we forgot all about the bad weather. We did all our shopping and lunched down there—and I

kept wishing we had something like it at home!"

The wonders Tokyo achieves underground are by no means the only things that impress the foreign visitor. The first are those he sees the instant he arrives in the city: the remarkable 57 miles of elevated motorways. They run in all directions, huge serpents slithering above the city. There are no intersections. In some places you can see three or four of these super highways crossing one above the other. Elsewhere they are connected by intricate cloverleaf patterns.

Moderate toll charges from 180 million cars a year have covered original expenditures much faster than anticipated. "One day soon," said Ichihashi, "we will find that

these motorways have cost us nothing at all."

While making this a triple-deck community, Tokyo's government has learned a lesson other crowded cities may well heed: every new structure should make the most of its own space. Thus a Tokyo regulation now stipulates that every new building must contain at least 500 percent more floor space than the area of the ground it occupies. "In city planning," points out a New York expert, "the Japanese have unquestionably proved themselves to be great innovators."

"About 15 years ago," muses Dr. Yamada, "the architect and I were considered ridiculous. You have been inspecting the work of 'impractical dreamers.'"



Foreign Exchange

FRENCH is a hobby with me. I speak it understandably, but grasp it rather poorly when it is spoken by the average French person.

At a formal dinner where I was surrounded by French people, I was indulging liberally in my conversational French, but having trouble when I had to listen. I overheard a French woman sitting two seats down the table say: "That American speaks French very well. Isn't it too bad he's deaf."

—Contributed by John L. Kimberley

AN AMERICAN book editor was traveling in Europe in pursuit of books. He wasn't much of a linguist, and a single day in which he was obliged to converse in Italian, French and Spanish finally got him down.

Torrential Spanish from frontier officials was bewildering him, when one of the Spanish customs inspectors came to his rescue, in English. "Good afternoon," said the inspector. "Do you speak English?"

All that our man could reply was: "Un peu."

—Charles W. Morton, *A Slight Sense of Outrage* (Lippincott)



The gem of the collection—a solid-gold 4th-century B.C. necklace (right) from the Kiev State Historical Museum—was unearthed only four years ago. Each figure is cast separately and soldered into place. The top row shows scenes of domestic life (detail above), and the bottom row violence in the wilderness. Experts call it "one of the most breathtaking works of goldsmith's art ever created"

GOLDEN GLORIES FROM A LITTLE-KNOWN PEOPLE

WHEN he first entered the secluded Gold Room at the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad, seven years ago, Thomas Hoving, director of New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, was dazzled by the glittering array of golden

sculptures from the mysterious land of the Scythians. He resolved someday to bring the best of the collection to America.

Coolly, Soviet authorities informed him that, because of a protective ukase issued by Peter the



Great in 1715, only a handful of the priceless gold objets d'art had ever left Mother Russia. But with a will, painstaking diplomacy, plus an exchange loan of 100 of the Metropolitan's finest paintings, Hoving found a way. Now thousands of other

Americans have also gasped at 190 fabulous artifacts of gold, silver, wood, leather and felt, many of which have never been widely shown in the Soviet Union. The treasures were on exhibit at New York's Metropolitan Museum

PHOTOS: LEE BOLTON



This gold bottle (left) depicts four scenes of Scythian life or mythology. Here, one tribesman is exploring another's aching tooth in pre-dentist-chair days

Amazingly detailed horsemen adorn the ends of the ten-inch torque, or collar, shown on the opposite page. Many of the artifacts buried with Scythian chieftains were of equally superb craftsmanship

through July 13, and will be at Los Angeles County Museum in late August and early September. From there they go to the Grand Palais in Paris. Only after that, in an exhibit in Moscow, will the Russian people get their first full look at them.

Little is known about the Scyth-

ians. Lacking a written language, cities and temples, these nomadic warriors were long overlooked by history. From the 8th to the 4th century B.C., they marauded ferociously from the Danube River to the borders of present-day China. They drank out of cups fashioned from



enemies' skulls. When a chieftain died, they erected a huge funeral mound over his tomb, having buried with him sacrificed followers, horses, concubines—and some of the world's finest gold objects.

Rich with gold from Siberia's Altai Mountains, grain from the

Ukraine and tribute from travelers, the Scythians commissioned both local and Greek artisans to craft the stunning objects shown here. "Despite their sinister reputation," says Hoving, "anyone can see that those ancient Scythians were connoisseurs of supreme taste."

This warrior, clad in Scythian tunic and trousers and a Greek helmet and cuirass, is the left-hand figure atop the adjacent gold comb.

This exquisite example of Greek workmanship is molded in relief on both sides, and illustrates a more realistic, life-in-the raw approach than the chaste classicism of Greek Golden Age style



One of the most popular Scythian motifs, this golden stag with stylized antlers, 12 1/4 inches long, was dug up between the Black and Caspian seas



In this plaque, a warrior lies beneath a tree with his head in a woman's lap while a contemplative equestrian tends the horses

Drug Haul on the High Seas

By GILLES LAMBERT AND
PIERRE FISSON

Fishy business was afloat, but was the skipper really smuggling narcotics?

At seven p.m. on February 29, 1972, the lobster boat *Caprice des Temps* weighed anchor in Villefranche-sur-Mer, east of Nice. Papers for the 65-foot craft were perfectly in order. Its declared objective: shellfishing in the Caribbean, with a stop in the Canary Islands en route.

From the bridge the skipper—bronzed, athletic, blue-eyed and bald as an egg—confidently surveyed the calm sea sparkling in the moonlight. To Marcel Boucan, a 58-year-old veteran sailor, crossing the Atlantic was as simple as walking down the street. What this old

vagabond of the sea did not know was that for some minutes now he had been pin-pointed on the radar screen of *Sirocco*, a French Customs Service cutter based at Menton.

The surveillance order—"Keep your distance and await orders"—had come from Marseille. It had been issued by Jean Carré, one of France's top aces in the war against smuggling. Fortyish, of average height, his horn-rimmed glasses and broad brow giving him the look of an intellectual, he heads the Service for the Investigation and Repression of Fraud (SRRF), a squad of some 15 crack secret agents. Experts at

trailing suspects, skilled at infiltrating smugglers' gangs, they engineer seizures that bring hundreds of millions of francs into France's treasury every year.

When he gave the signal to begin the chase, Carré had no real proof against Marcel Boucan. But his hunch that he was on the track of big game was based on several years of unflagging surveillance, of patient sifting of small, suspicious incidents.

A colorful adventurer of the Southern seas, heir to an age-old filibustering tradition, Boucan divided his time between Guadeloupe,

where he had married a local woman, and Cagnes, on the Côte d'Azur. He had even been elected head of the Cagnes fishermen's association in 1957. Although caught red-handed on several occasions smuggling cigarettes, liquor or nylons into France, his service in the Free French Navy during the Second World War had always earned him suspended sentences.

In 1970, however, there was suddenly a little too much talk about Marcel Boucan. Having bought *Caprice des Temps* for 120,000 francs—around \$28,000—he called a press conference to declare that



"the days of adventuring are over" and that he was henceforth going to "devote himself to fishing in the Caribbean." Carré thought all this looked a little too ostentatious to be honest; he asked his men to tighten their watch on the "fisherman."

Thus it was reported to the SRRF chief that when *Caprice des Temps* returned to Guadeloupe at the end of 1971 after several weeks at sea, it only had three paltry crates of shrimps. Yet Boucan had made several trips to Florida during this period "in search of new outlets for the fish he caught" and was now making expensive improvements to the boat.

When *Caprice des Temps* left Guadeloupe again, it did not head for its regular fishing grounds off the Antilles. Instead, it sailed non-stop to the Mediterranean and was put immediately into the Voisin shipyards in Cagnes for additional expensive alterations. Boucan the "shrimp fisherman" maintained his boat with unusual care and certainly had no money problems.

Other Fish to Fry. When Carré added up the sum of Boucan's mysterious trips and lavish expenditures, he found Boucan had spent more than \$117,000 since he bought his boat, but that all he had caught so far was about a hundred lobsters and a small quantity of shrimps. Even more telling, the SRRF men who had been tailing him reported that the previous evening he had had at least three meetings

in Marseille with underworld chiefs suspected of smuggling narcotics.

The SRRF head was almost sure the seaman and his underworld contacts had discussed the final details of a major "contract." On that February 29, 1972, as *Caprice des Temps* chugged westward along the coast toward Cannes, a thoughtful Carré kept his eyes glued on the marine chart on the wall of his Marseille headquarters.

The law prohibited him from searching a vessel on the open seas unless it had first been examined inside territorial waters. But a thorough check might arouse the veteran smuggler's suspicions strongly enough to make him cancel any meeting he had planned. So the coastguards were told to treat Boucan courteously, even affably.

While a second cutter, *Lissero*, stood by at a distance, *Sirocco* overtook the lobster boat and, shortly before ten p.m., made contact off Cap'd'Antibes. But instead of boarding for a full inspection, the Customs officers made a perfunctory identification by flashing a searchlight at the vessel. "Cheerio, boys," they said. "Have a good trip."

Their discreet visit appeared to have bolstered Boucan's confidence. The boat continued to dawdle along the coast until three a.m., when suddenly it put on full power and raced out to sea.

When the news was radioed in by *Sirocco*, the manhunt fever rose at SRRF headquarters. Carré, never

leaving his microphone, now maintained a steady exchange with the two cutters, instructing them to report all strange craft seen in the area.

But the cutters were disconcertingly positive: there wasn't a single vessel in sight with which Boucan might have had a rendezvous. Obviously, the merchandise was already aboard.

Half the Battle. Carré now ordered the cutters to halt and board the suspect boat. *Sirocco* overtook it in less than an hour and flashed a "stop" order. Instead, *Caprice* opened its two 170-hp diesel engines to the limit. A few bursts of fire were loosed from *Sirocco's* heavy machinegun, aimed first some ten yards in front of *Caprice*, then gradually narrowing down on it. Boucan's boat never really had a chance to escape; its top speed was ten knots, against its pursuer's 22.

As the Customs men prepared to board, a package plopped into the water. All they could recover was the paper it had been wrapped in. Was this part of the drug shipment? Naturally, the crew was silent. So, of course, was the skipper, who had been surprised in his cabin tearing leaves out of a desk calendar on which the improvements to his boat were itemized.

At 11 o'clock that morning, flanked by the two cutters, the lobster boat tied up at the Vieux-Port of Marseille. Jean Carré and his men ransacked her from stern to

stern and came up empty-handed. Boucan, visibly delighted by their disappointment, bellowed: "You see? There's absolutely nothing aboard."

It was at this point that the Customs naval officer, a high-level specialist in naval construction, drew the SRRF chief's attention to a massive concrete ballast block in the forward hold. "This kind of boat is always ballasted aft and amidships to keep the bow high," he told Carré, "but never forward." The naval officer calculated that if that mass were solid concrete the boat could not ride the sea. It must be hollow. A perfect hiding place . . .

For technical reasons, the block could not be opened immediately, and since there were still no legal grounds for arresting the crew, they were confined to the vessel under the guard of a Customs cutter. But when Carré and his men returned next morning, the captain had disappeared leaving a letter saying he was going to drown himself. Credence was lent to the letter by the fact that his identity papers had been left behind in the cabin.

Check Mate. Meanwhile, work had begun in the hold. The concrete hatch cover was hammered open, revealing a false deck under the mate's cabin. A man slipped through the opening, emerging a few seconds later with a blue duffle bag containing several white plastic bags. The local Criminal Investigation Department would later find

in the cache more than 40 plastic bags containing different amounts of pure heroin. Weighed on the captain's bathroom scales, the haul came to 938 pounds—the largest heroin catch in the whole history of drug-smuggling.

Carré had the booty, but the culprit was missing. The SRRF chief had nearly lost hope of finding his man when, an hour later, he was informed that an unidentified man had been admitted at daybreak to a Marseille hospital—an exhausted swimmer rescued by the owners of an American yacht in the Vieux-Port. The Americans had called firemen to revive the man.

Carré immediately thought the swimmer could be Boucan, whom

he knew to be an enthusiastic diver and underwater archeologist. From the beginning he had discounted the possibility of suicide: an experienced diver would have a very hard time trying to drown himself.

Carré's intuition was dead on target; the unknown man of the Vieux-Port was indeed Marcel Boucan.

Marcel Boucan was subsequently sentenced to 18 years in prison, a fine of 34 million francs jointly and severally with six other people involved, and confiscation of all his goods, including his boat. This was the stiffest sentence ever given by a French court to a drugs courier.

Financial Fitness. Here's a suggestion for anyone interested in keeping his personal finances in order:

Allow not more than a week's pay for rent; not over three years' income for a house; something less than six months' income for a car; seven percent of a year's income for all kinds of insurance. In cash or its equivalent have a year's income in the bank—after that you can buy as much as you like on time.

—William Feather in *Bagology*, quoted in *Gentry Sorenader*

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Israel's Miracle of the Trees

By GORDON GASKILL

Through a symbol of life, a nation remembers, honors and reveres

LATE in October every year, hundreds of Israelis gather in Simchoni Forest, a few miles inland from the ancient coastal city of Gaza—and begin to talk to trees.

The forest has about 40,000 trees, mostly eucalypti, but the ones spoken to are special. They are 188 cypresses, one for each Israeli soldier killed in the five-day Sinai war of 1956. Each bears a plaque with a dead soldier's name.

The visitors are also special; they are the families of the dead soldiers. "To them," a forester told me, "the trees are not just trees; they are the men themselves." Sometimes the talk is matter-of-fact: how Miriam was married last spring . . . how

Moshe had a fine son two months ago . . . how well Ari is doing at school. "But sometimes," the forester went on, "it can break your heart." One mother threw her arms around her son's tree and wailed: "Oh, Menashe, why did it have to be you?" Her husband, with eyes full of tears, nodded to the tree approvingly: "You were a fine boy, Menashe. We are proud of you."

Many nations plant trees, but no other as Israel does—"not only with a spade, but with a heart, too," a forester told me. When Israel was born in 1948, half its land was desert and wilderness; much of the rest was gaunt gray stone and eroded hills that looked beyond all

redemption. But the Jewish National Fund (JNF), which collects contributions from all over the world, resolved to clothe the naked land in a green mantle of new trees.

Actually, Zionists had begun the work in 1908, when they planted 12,000 trees in honor of the "father of Zionism," Theodor Herzl. JNF itself began planting in 1919 and by the time independence dawned had given a start to five million trees. Soon up to eight million were being planted in a single year. Today the total is more than 110 million—more than 30 trees for every man, woman and child—clustered in almost 600 forests, great and small. The biggest, and most poignant, is called the "Martyrs' Forest," which will eventually have six million trees—one for each of those who died in Hitler's holocaust.

In Jerusalem I asked a member of the JNF Executive Committee, Theodore Hatalgui, about the symbolism that makes Israel's afforestation program unique. "There is an old habit with us," he explained, "of planting trees for some special reason of honor, memory or gratitude. In many places, they say it with flowers. Here we say it with trees."

The mystique of trees goes deep into the human heart. Israel's former prime minister, David Ben-Gurion, was famous as a man of rock and steel, who seldom showed any emotion. Only once did anyone see him come near to losing that

control, and that was the day when, in a public ceremony, he planted a cypress tree in memory of his wife Paula who had recently died. He stamped down the earth around it, stood up and began gazing at the tree in an abstracted manner. Then, to the amazement of onlookers, his eyes filled with tears, his lips moved slightly, as if he was communing with the cypress. Finally, with a visible effort, he pulled himself together, marched stiffly to his waiting car, and drove away.

Green Memory. Knowing the power of these living symbols, Israel began bestowing trees instead of medals or stone monuments. As the idea gained momentum, JNF worked out a plan to make it simple for any person or group to dedicate trees. Depending on how much one wants to spend, one can create a garden (100 to 999 trees) or a grove (1000 to 2499) or a wood (2500 to 9999) or a forest (10,000 and above). According to local soil conditions, plantings are either finger-length sprigs, or saplings, both supplied by nurseries run by the JNF's foresters.

Some of the most impressive plantings are dedicated to Gentiles. On Mount Herzl in Jerusalem, one gracious line of trees bears the noble title: "Avenue of the Trees of the Righteous Gentiles." It honors all the non-Jews who risked their lives to save the persecuted during the Nazi horrors.

Today, 1000 pine trees are being

planted on the barren slopes of Mount Deborah, in memory of Nicholas Tomalin, the *Sunday Times* journalist killed by a rocket on the Golan Heights in 1973 while covering the Middle East war. They are among a million which will eventually make up the British JNF's Royal Forest, begun in 1972 to mark the Queen's silver wedding anniversary.

Several American presidents have been honored with forests. Theodore Hatalgui told me what happened when John Kennedy was assassinated: "Only a few minutes after the news flashed round the world, the phones in our New York office began ringing with calls from American Jews who wanted to plant a great forest here in his honor." The result is a huge "Peace Forest" in his name, plus a great memorial in the shape of a tree-trunk, to symbolize that Kennedy was cut down before his time.

Making Roots. These awesome monuments of wood and foliage are far beyond the means of the average individual. But JNF has introduced a highly successful "plant a tree with your own hands" program. In 1974 tourists themselves planted 37,000 trees; the fee is \$3 per tree, far more than the real cost of the sapling. JNF uses the profits to plant more trees.

Surprisingly there is no government forestry department. Forestry is handled by the non-governmental JNF, which also takes care of land

reclamation. Stranger still, of all the experts in JNF's efficient forestry branch, only about a dozen ever attended forestry school. All the rest, like the late Joseph Weitz, JNF's first forestry director, and his son and successor Sharon, have just "picked it up."

Tried and True. Joseph Weitz organized the first test-planting in 1928, around a kibbutz village in the Judean hills just west of Jerusalem. Best tree of all is a pine, native to Palestine. Botanically it is called *Pinus halepensis*, but Israelis call it the Jerusalem pine. It needs little water, roots in the poorest soil, grows fast, and is used in about three-quarters of the new forests.

Long ago, JNF rejected the notion that trees should be planted only if they are commercially profitable. Sharon Weitz grows: "Only a fool would measure trees in terms of money alone." Not that the forests are a total loss commercially. By careful thinning and pruning of older forests, JNF cut over 31,300 tons of wood in 1974, worth about \$334,000. JNF assures nervous people who plant trees with their own hands that none of *those* trees will ever be cut.

"But forests pay off in so many other ways," Weitz says. "They stop soil erosion, help build topsoil, hold back flood waters . . . why, they almost pay their way in recreation alone!" About 80 Israeli forest sites can each accommodate

some 2500 campers and picnickers.

Another factor, unique in Israel, made the forests precious. "In a sense," Weitz told me, "forests were our melting pot." Under the famous Law of Return, Israel welcomed Jews from anywhere, even if there was no real job for them. "So temporarily," he explained, "we put them to work in the forests—simple work that anybody could learn quickly. Nearly 75,000 of our people today have done forest work at one time or another, and it creates a bond they'll never forget."

In Israel, foresters are a breed apart, they *live* their job and the results are outstanding. I spent one day in the Negev with a visiting party of Italian forestry students and teachers. They were loud in their admiration of Israeli methods, and thought they could adapt some of them in barren parts of Italy.

Foreign Exchange. Conversely, Israeli foresters hunt for tips on visits abroad. On one trip to America, Weitz spotted a way to solve the problem of transporting tiny trees from the nursery to the planting area: a "bare-root" method of packing the little saplings in crates of wet sawdust instead of with soil around the roots. Now JNF foresters can carry 8000 trees in a single Land Rover instead of a big truck.

Israel's trees have also played a military role. One day Sharon

Weitz was driving me through hilly forests in northern Galilee when he pointed to one area of solid wood and chuckled: "That was our West Point!" He explained that in the late 1930s, Zionist authorities decided to train some young men in modern military tactics. A few British army officers agreed to help.

Weitz said, "But we had to find some cover story to explain why these men were up here. So they were assigned to our forestry section." He laughed. "I don't think they learned much about forestry, but they certainly learned to fight."

Israeli fighters have kept their fondness for trees. During the 1973 Yom Kippur War, an Israeli pilot, his Skyhawk crippled by a Syrian missile, had to bale out on his way back to base. He landed safely, but the smoking plane crashed into a forest, starting a blaze that eventually raged through 128 acres of 20-year-old pines.

When the squadron commander wrote to express his regrets, Weitz replied: "I would rather shake the pilot's hand and see the trees burned, than see the forest green and the pilot burned."

But the squadron was not content to leave it at that. In 1974, 110 airmen fanned out through the blackened forest to plant new pine saplings—evergreen symbols of life and hope for peace.

Throw What Away?

Junk? It all depends on who's talking—or listening

By JAMES LINCOLN COLLIER

I'LL NEVER know why people get so attached to things. Take what happened last year, before we moved out of the Locust Street house.

"Look," I said at the dinner table. "We've been collecting stuff around this place for eight years.

Now's a good time to go through it and throw out a lot. I'll put a large box in the upstairs hall, and I want everybody to go through his stuff and throw out all the junk."

So I put the box in the hall, where everybody could trip over it, and four days later I looked into it. It contained one illustrated edition of *Black Beauty* (cover missing) and the hairless head of a doll. As usual,



nobody had paid any attention to me.

I went in search of someone to assert myself at. In due course, I found Jeff, our ten-year-old, lying on his bed. "I thought I asked you to go through your stuff and throw away everything you didn't want," I said.

"I did."

"I didn't see anything of yours in that box."

"I couldn't find anything to throw

At my dental surgery recently, a patient who is a motor mechanic asked me for a 3000 meal service.

—B. R. O., Portsmouth, Hampshire

away," he explained. I gestured at his toy box—a container not much smaller than the garage. "You mean *everything* in there is precious to you?"

"Honest," he said. "I looked."

"I don't believe it," I said, whipping open the chest and grabbing the first object that fell under my hand—a tattered fielder's glove, limp as a brown banana peel and virtually empty of stuffing. "You couldn't catch a cold with this, Jeff. Let's get rid of it."

"No!" he shouted, horror-struck. "I want that."

"What happened to the new glove that Uncle Chris gave you last Christmas?"

"Uncle Chris's is the one I use," he said.

"If Uncle Chris's is the one you use," I countered, waving the banana peel under his nose, "why do we have to keep this?"

"Because it's my favorite," he said promptly.

He had me. Only an ogre would ask a boy to throw away his favorite baseball glove. I felt around in the rubble that filled the box and grasped an object all gears and sprockets. "What's this?"

"That's the motor out of Bobby Mossman's model train. We traded."

"Oh?" I said suspiciously. "What did you trade for it?"

"The fielder's glove Uncle Chris gave me."

"What? That valuable glove for a—"

"It's all right," he said hastily, rec-

ognizing the dangerous way I was beginning to puff out my cheeks. "Bobby's letting me keep the glove."

"That's swell," I replied. "What happens when he wants it?"

"He won't. They've all moved to California."

"In other words, Bobby traded you the motor for nothing. That wasn't very fair."

"Sure it was. The motor doesn't work."

"Fine," I said. "Out it goes." I headed for the hall.

"Don't throw it away!" he shrieked. "I need it!"

I stopped—and stared at him until I was sure he was beginning to feel guilty. "For what, may I ask, do you need a broken train motor?"

"I'll pour plastic over it and make a paperweight for a Christmas present. You keep saying that when you were a boy you made all your Christmas—"

"All right," I snapped. I flung the motor back into the box somewhat more forcibly than necessary, and retrieved a sticky jar filled with a translucent gray liquid. "What's this?" I demanded. "Part of your tapioca collection?"

"That's from my plastics kit," he said. "I need it for when I make—"

I was already stalking from the room and didn't hear the rest. In any case, you see what I mean. People get attached to the craziest things, and nothing you say will make them part with them.

Ordinarily, my wife is a rational person, able to remember where I

put my winter coat or what day the Sheppards asked us for dinner. But confront her with something outgrown or broken and she becomes irrational. Not long ago, for example, she said she needed more shelf space in the laundry room. I took a look.

"You don't need any more shelves," I reported. "All you have to do is get rid of some of the junk. Do you realize, my love, that you have no fewer than four irons?"

"I know," she said, calmly continuing to peel potatoes. "They're broken."

"I rather suspected that. I don't suppose we can throw them out?"

"Goodness, no! I'm going to have them fixed."

"All four of them?"

"Sure. Why not?"

I restrained myself from puffing out my cheeks. "For the very good reason that it'll cost ten bucks each to have them repaired. And, besides, what's the matter with that iron you just got from the bank for opening your account?"

"There's something wrong with it. You have to keep jiggling the little thing on the handle all the time."

"Okay," I said. "That makes five broken irons. Let's pick out the one you like best, get it fixed and throw the rest away."

"Throw them away? Do you realize how much an iron costs these days?"

"All I'm trying to get through to you," I countered, "is that sometimes it's cheaper to buy a new one.

No point in throwing good money after bad."

"Oh, boy," she snorted. "That's all I'd have to do, go out and buy a new iron. Then you'd really start hollering!"

I began to get an uneasy feeling that I was being boxed in, but it was too late to back down. "No, I wouldn't, not if the old one didn't work."

"All right," she said dubiously.

So she bought a new iron, and I threw out the broken ones. About a week later, I happened to pass through the laundry, and I saw it. "You kept a broken one!" I shrieked. "Of course," she said mildly. "It's for an emergency. It still works if you jiggle the little thing on the handle."

Or take the matter of collections. The rule seems to be that if you have more than one of anything—old feathers, bottle caps, funny-shaped sticks—they count as a collection, and become too valuable to be thrown away. I learned about this last Labor Day at the cabin, when Alice, our teen-ager, brought me a large rock as we were packing to go home.

"What's that?" I demanded.

"My rock collection," she said.

"One rock does not a collection make," I intoned.

She considered for a minute. "If it would be a collection if I had more, why isn't it now?"

I peered at her as I pondered this murky statement. "I'm not going to get bogged down in a philosophical

discussion. One of anything doesn't count as a collection; that's the rule."

"Okay," she said promptly. "I'll get another one."

"Too late," I hollered—but she was already trotting toward the stone wall. If you look in her room today, you will find a pair of rocks sitting side by side on her bookcase.

In a way, I can understand how she felt. A few days ago, I drove into the garage and ran over a rake, which had fallen from the wall. "These modern cars are too big," I told my wife, who was beside me.

"This car isn't any bigger than the last one," she said. "The trouble is that you've got too much junk in here."

"Junk?" I said. "How do you expect me to take care of this place without tools?"

"What about those coffee cans on the workbench? You must have 40 of them."

"I need them for painting. Coffee cans are hard to get."

"And four hammers?"

"They're all different."

"What about that one without the handle," she snorted. "You could throw that away for a start."

"Throw it away?" I cried. "That's my favorite."

"But it's broken," she said.

"I'm going to fix it," I argued.

The words had a familiar sound, and for a moment we sat in silence. Then she said, "I ought to give you a punch in the eye."

But I knew she wouldn't. I have two of them. That counts as a collection, and you're allowed to keep collections.



Defense Mechanisms

WHILE visiting the Oregon Caves National Monument, we hoped to get some rock samples—until we heard the following introduction from a cave tour guide: "I hope you enjoy our trek through the caves. I must ask you not to destroy or take any of the rock formations. Actually, we have had very little trouble with this. I don't know if it's because of our visitors' great love for nature, their desire for the preservation of the caves, or their respect for the \$500 fine."

—Contributed by Loren W. Christensen

ON A sightseeing trip on Florida's west coast, my husband and I visited an old mansion. In the exquisitely furnished master bedroom, we were surprised to see signs on the bedspread and curtains reading: "WASH HANDS IMMEDIATELY AFTER TOUCHING." We admired the furnishings from a safe distance, but our curiosity was aroused, so, on leaving, I decided to ask the guard if the fabric had been treated with some harmful preserving chemical. "Oh, no, ma'am," he said, grinning. "There's nothing on 'em. We just never did have much luck with the 'Do Not Touch' signs."

—Contributed by Mrs. M. S. Cleaver

It's an almost inevitable feeling from time to time—but if you can determine what it's trying to tell you, you can do something useful about it

How to Cope With Jealousy

Condensed from REDBOOK
NORMAN M. LOBENZ

JEALOUSY is dying. So say today's apostles of liberated relationships between men and women. Though once excusable as a side effect of romantic passion, jealousy, they contend, is becoming outdated in these nonpossessive times when excessive emotional demands in the name of love are considered unfashionable.

Not so, say many experts. According to family sociologist Robert Blood, for example: "The popularity of open marriage has *increased* the number of persons coping with jealousy." Many men and women who freely gave each other the right to have other sexual partners have been deeply troubled by unexpected jealous reactions.

Recently, I've talked about jealousy—not just of the sexual variety,

but also jealousy of a loved one's time, interests, friends, family, work—with dozens of young married couples. Many were at first reluctant to discuss it, as if the mere admission that jealousy might exist could somehow awaken the green-eyed monster. A few defended a "reasonable" amount of jealousy as a sign of continuing love.

"I'd be disappointed if my husband didn't act a little jealous occasionally," said a 25-year-old schoolteacher. "It's a compliment to show that you think your partner is still attractive to other people. And it's certainly good for morale!"

Of course, the key word in this comment is "act." Playing at sexual jealousy may be harmless, even stimulating, as long as both persons know that it is a game—and as long

as neither sets out deliberately to provoke it in the other.

Actual jealousy proves to be quite another matter. The couples I spoke with were for the most part clearly distressed by the disillusioning realization that, although they believed jealousy "should not" occur, it did. They felt guilty or demeaned by it.

A few people, however, did not accept the cliché concept of jealousy as an inevitably negative reaction to an emotional conflict. "I try to examine my jealous feelings in a realistic way," one young woman said thoughtfully. "Then sometimes I can find out what the feelings are trying to tell me."

It makes sense, I submit, to take a new look at jealousy from this perspective. "Feelings can never be categorized simply as 'good' or 'bad,'" says psychologist Beatrice Harris. "Feelings are symptoms of complex reactions. Just as pain alerts us to a physical problem and spurs us to do something about it, so jealousy may be a way of calling attention to an emotional problem."

The experience of Linda, a 23-year-old secretary, is an example of how this approach can work. Linda grew jealous when her husband Paul, a lawyer, made increasingly frequent references to Kathy, an unmarried colleague in his firm. At the firm's Christmas party, Linda met Kathy. "The moment I saw her I knew she wasn't the kind of woman Paul found physically attractive," Linda said. "But they talked and laughed together all evening.

"When we got home, I exploded. Paul apologized for neglecting me at the party, but he couldn't understand why I was so upset. 'Kathy's smart and interesting, and I learn a lot from her,' Paul said. 'But surely you don't think I'm in love with her?' 'No,' I answered. 'Then what are you jealous about?' he asked. And I couldn't say."

The question stuck in Linda's mind. In probing for the hidden wellspring of her jealousy, she discovered insecurities in herself. "I'd always worried that I wasn't clever enough or informed enough to be interesting to Paul," she said. "And I guess I never tried to be."

With this insight, Linda was able to do something positive about the situation. First, she took an adult-education course in "Law for the Layman." "Just being able to talk to Paul in some of his own language—to know something about his work—gave me confidence," Linda said. As a result, she was able to confide in Paul, telling him of her feelings of inadequacy, and to enlist his help in overcoming them.

If jealousy is used in a negative way—to punish, to get attention, to excuse self-pity, to provoke argument—then it probably will live up to its reputation and corrode matters further. But if it is channeled into a positive approach, as in Linda's case, it can be constructive.

One reason that jealousy is so painful, psychotherapist Leah Schaefer points out, is the feeling that you can't do anything to change the

situation that's causing it. "But you can take your jealousy and ask questions of it: What or whom am I really jealous of? Can I do something to stop it?"

It works. I tried it myself recently at a party where my wife (who enjoys flirting) spent most of the evening in animated conversation with a good-looking man. Jealousy stirred in me, mild but undeniable.

I asked myself some questions. For example: Why is she animated? Perhaps I don't discuss things that interest her much. Do I love her? Yes. (If I didn't, why would it matter how animatedly she talked to someone else?) Since I do love her, why shouldn't I be pleased that she is enjoying herself? Or do I think because she is enjoying the conversation she is arranging a tryst? Obviously not.

Once I realized that my wife's conversation with someone else took nothing away from me—in fact, it pointed to a way I could improve our relationship—I also realized that there was no reason for jealousy.

Many couples I've spoken with raised the question of jealousy of a spouse's time. This was particularly true of the more recently married couples, some of whom seemed to feel that *any* time spent away from the spouse was an emotional affront. One young husband was jealous of a single hour. An engineer who also has night classes and homework, he arranged a schedule so that every night from 8 to 9 he and his wife are free to be with each

other. "Once a week," he said, "my wife has lunch with a friend, Mike. On that day, *he* has the same time as I do with *my* wife!"

Unrealistic? Of course. But real enough to the people involved. "Dealing with this kind of jealousy by holding a stopwatch on each other is obviously pointless," one marriage counselor said. "If jealousy could motivate such people to examine their ideas about what marriage is and requires, what they can realistically expect from it, it would be useful in helping them get rid of the stereotypes."

For many young married couples, jealousy involves their own children, and is particularly distressing. "What kind of monster am I," a new father asks, "to feel jealous of the attention my wife gives my own baby?" "How can I possibly feel hurt because my little daughter always runs to her daddy instead of to me?" asks a young mother.

Both reactions, however, are essentially natural. Indeed, they might almost be called "existential jealousy"—a sensation that is simply *there*, which will not yield to reason or wisdom or even shame. To convert this jealousy into a positive force for growth requires an understanding of what it represents.

"Every time we move from one major stage in the life cycle to another, a sense of loss is involved," says family therapist Sanford Sherman, director of the Jewish Family Service, Inc. "The rewards of marriage mean some loss of freedom.

We always feel 'jealous' of what we must give up at the crisis points of growth. Unless we can understand that, such jealousy can become an obstacle to that growth."

Sherman cites a father's jealousy, especially of his first child, as an example of this process. It is understandable, he explains, for a man to be jealous of a baby who, he feels, displaces him as the main object of his wife's affection and concern. "But repressing jealousy may serve only to implant it more firmly and keep a father in childish competition with his child," says Sherman. "If a father can admit to his feelings of loss, he begins to see the child as a person who needs him rather than as a rival. He joins his wife in nurturing the child; the emotional balance of the marriage is gradually restored. Jealousy is transmitted into emotional growth."

In all its manifestations, jealousy springs essentially from self-doubt, a lack of self-esteem, feelings of inadequacy—all the things that psychotherapists lump under the heading of "low self-image." For example, I asked the men and women I talked with what one thing their partners might do that would make them most jealous. Only a few mentioned sexual infidelity. Most mentioned situations that threatened

their self-esteem: *If he talked with old friends about things I didn't know, and I felt left out. . . . When everybody clusters around her at a party and ignores me. . . .*

To confront such jealousy—to convert it from a negative to a potentially positive reaction—requires, says psychoanalyst Rollo May, "turning one's attention to oneself and asking: Why is my self-esteem so low in the first place? This question may be difficult, but at least it turns your concern to an area that you can do something about."

All too often, we permit jealousy to deteriorate into feelings of guilt or self-pity or helplessness. What jealousy says then is "Poor me!" But jealousy can be used to motivate us to constructive action: to examine our emotional needs more intelligently; to do something positive about shortcomings; to work harder at a relationship; even to voice an honest cry for help—to say, "I love you. . . . I'm afraid of what's happening, and I need you to help me stop it."

When allowed to go unquestioned, jealousy remains malevolent. Examined in the light of reason, it can be a stimulus to growth.



For information on reprints
of this article, see page 56



A CHEERFUL 80-year-old volunteer in the Los Angeles Lung Association confided the secret of her strength: "It's a very selfish secret. I try to live so that somebody will miss me when I'm gone."

—Angie Papadakis in *Family Digest*

The County That Reclaims Its Sewage

By returning to "nature's way," this midwestern community not only has achieved the ultimate in water purification but has proved, as well, that waste water can be a valuable resource

BY LEONARD A. STEVENS

WHILE most Americans still talk of recycling wastes—from glass to garbage—Michigan's Muskegon County has started recycling the unspeakable: sewage. Collected in the usual way, the sewage of about 140,000 residents and 200 industries is piped to a new 10,000-acre farm, treated to reduce health and odor problems, and sprayed on the soil. Still rich in nutrients, the water both irrigates and fertilizes plant growth. When the crops are harvested, their absorbed nutrients are returned to the human food chain via animal protein, and the recycling job is complete.

And, in the process, Muskegon County has already reached the 1985 national goal set by the Clean Wa-

ter Act of 1972: no more pollutants to be discharged into our waters.

Lying on the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, Muskegon County once thrived on timber, oil wells, foundries and recreation. But its economy foundered as natural resources were depleted and pollution ruined the air and water. Modern industry avoided the county, and by 1968 unemployment was double the national average. Muskegon turned for help to John R. Sheaffer of the University of Chicago, a specialist in managing natural resources.

Sheaffer studied Muskegon and affirmed that poor resource management had ruined two of its economic bases. Bad forestry practices had degraded the land and were eliminating agricultural and timber in-

come. And pollution of the county's inland lakes and Lake Michigan shoreline had spoiled recreational income. Both problems might be solved if county soil and water could be upgraded, and Sheaffer suggested a double-barreled way of doing it—through a natural process dubbed a "living filter."

Apply your sewage to the degraded land, he advised, and the nutrients, which now contribute heavily to water pollution, will improve the soil enough to support crops for agricultural income. At the same time, the lakes will improve and help restore recreational income.

Sheaffer didn't claim that the idea was new. The "living filter" is, of course, nature's way. Our agrarian forefathers used it long ago to dispose of raw city waste water on "sewage farms." When well managed, such farms served as efficient, safe, productive treatment systems. But bad management had frequently turned them into public nuisances. Only some 400 land-treatment systems now remain in the United States, primarily in the water-short West and Southwest.

As such farms disappeared, municipalities turned to their rivers for sewage disposal by dilution. Partial treatment plants were installed when the streams needed help to assimilate increasing volumes of waste water. However, even the best of these primary-secondary plants still discharged nutrients that fertilized receiving streams as they might have croplands. Increasing sewage

volume stimulated so much algae and other aquatic growth that it became one of our most serious forms of pollution—as it had in Muskegon.

When Sheaffer suggested the living-filter idea, excited Muskegon County leaders asked him in February 1969 to proceed with the project. With Chicago engineering consultant William J. Bauer, he outlined a carefully designed, scientifically managed version of the old idea of land treatment.

The proposal soon had its doubters and opponents, including the city of Muskegon, which advanced an opposing plan to upgrade its conventional treatment system. The cost would have been as great if not greater than land treatment, even though it wouldn't have served as many people and wouldn't have produced income. "The most they could claim for this approach," said Sheaffer, "was that it would 'hold the line' on water pollution. To me that was irresponsible, when Muskegon lake water was so polluted you could hardly see through two or three inches of it."

The city's opposition to land treatment collapsed, however, when the largest industry in town, S.D. Warren Paper Co., favored the Sheaffer-Bauer proposal. In addition, three county judges, after hearing expert testimony from all over the nation, decided in a declaratory judgment sought by the county that the project would work, and that fears of odor, disease and ground-

water pollution raised by citizen groups were unfounded as long as the system was carefully engineered. They gave the project a green light, and Muskegon's Congressman, Guy A. Vander Jagt, helped obtain a \$2-million federal research grant to pursue the idea.

Following state approval, a site was selected in a thinly settled area partially covered with scrub oak. Only 200 families had to be relocated before construction began, in 1971. Millions of yards of earth were moved, and some 4000 forest acres cleared. Existing sewer lines from homes and factories were connected to a pumping station and a 66-inch pipeline leading to the site.

Today, county sewage is delivered to three eight-acre lagoons on the site. There the biological action of living organisms, air and sunshine begins purifying the water. The action is speeded up by large floating churns anchored in the ponds which introduce oxygen to the water, keep them ice-free in winter and reduce sewage odors. After a few days in the lagoons, most bacteria and viruses have been eliminated. However, the water still remains rich in growth-stimulating nitrogen, phosphate and potash.

Next, the waste water enters two mammoth storage lagoons covering 1700 acres, where it sits still, and organic matter settles to the bottom. (This thin layer of sludge will eventually be dredged and applied to the land as a valuable soil conditioner.) The storage lagoons are designed to

fill up slowly in the winter, to be ready for "spray irrigation" in the spring, summer and fall.

With the coming of spring, nutrient-rich water is sprayed on the farmland through some 50 rotating irrigation rigs, each covering a circle up to 2800 feet in diameter. As the liquid seeps into the earth, and the nutrients are taken up by both the soil and the plants, the living-filtered water is collected and led off to the area's streams by a network of buried agricultural drain pipes.

Tests show that this water is as pollution-free as expected. Flowing from the underground drain pipes, it is flushing out the county's polluted lakes and streams. Local fishermen are again catching fish that pollution had previously driven away. And the surrounding farm last year produced 60 bushels of corn per harvested acre, comparable to the area's best cornfields.

The system manager and a committee of agricultural experts from Michigan State University are currently exploring other animal-feed-crop possibilities, such as alfalfa, hay, winter wheat and soybeans. They're also thinking about the farm's recreational potential. It would be a great area for snowmobiles in winter, for example. And hunters have noted that tens of thousands of ducks and geese have been attracted by the farm's water. Deer, pheasant, rabbits and foxes are also increasing.

So far, the project has cost about

\$42 million in local, state and federal funds. Last year's harvest was worth about \$375,000, but potential income has yet to be fully achieved—the system is treating only two thirds of the sewage that it's designed to handle. Optimists believe the system may pay for itself and eventually return a profit. Even pessimists admit that the farm income is likely to pay at least all operating costs.

In any case, Muskegon's system already has a financially attractive look. There are only a few advanced (or "tertiary") treatment plants operating that can clean waste water as completely as the Muskegon land system. The best known is at South Lake Tahoe, Calif. Last year, the Tahoe plant cost \$490 to treat each million gallons of sewage. The comparable Muskegon figure was \$305—not including any farm income.

Sheaffer and Bauer consider their

Muskegon design as a pilot for the nation, and they are now helping to work out systems for municipalities with a wide variety of soils and climates—at Boulder, Colo.; Falmouth, Mass.; DuPage County, Ill.; Brookhaven, N.Y. And Sheaffer has interested the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers in living-filter treatment. As a consequence, the Corps is studying 40 metropolitan areas where the Muskegon idea may solve the problems of sewage disposal, including Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco and Boston.

In fact, the Clean Water Act of 1972 demands that the Muskegon idea be considered by all municipalities seeking federal funds for sewage treatment. For, as the land-treatment pioneers at Muskegon have proved, in reclaiming our own wastes we can engage in the most productive recycling job of all.



Signal Success

RADIO-STATION call letters must consist of four letters, beginning with K west of the Mississippi, or W east of the Mississippi. They must also be arranged in a unique combination. Stringent as the FCC rule seems, America's broadcasters have managed to identify themselves with a considerable amount of ingenuity.

A number of call letters are suggested almost automatically: WCAR in Detroit, KFOG in San Francisco, WIND in Chicago, WFUN in Miami, WLEE in Richmond, KPOL in Hawaii, WSUN in St. Petersburg and WOOD on Cape Cod, in Hyannis. Not so ob-

vious are KICY in Nome and KYAK in Anchorage. There's a country KUZN at West Monroe, La., and a rambling WREK in Atlanta.

Up in the snow and lodge country of Montpelier, Vt., we have WSKI. Down in magnolia country, WSHU is found in Oxford, Miss.

Ideal local identification is attained only by WACO, in Waco, Texas, and WARE in Ware, Mass. Texas is K territory, but WACO was chartered before the FCC rule was made.

This is all pure KORN, you say? That's a station in Mitchell, S.D.

—James McCrohan in TWA Ambassador



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Games to Play Lying Down

ROBERT L. DEAN

THE DAY I got the idea for lying-down games, I had just been shot in the back by an Indian and was dying in the middle of our living-room rug. The Indian was one of my five sons, and he and I and his brothers had just completed about seven minutes of wild tussling right after a heavy dinner. Thankful that at last the imaginary arrow had found its mark, I sank exhausted to the floor. The longer I lay there, the better I liked it. And the wild Indians danced happily around me whooping and hollering about the "dying cowboy."

For the next few weeks, the boys called on me to play the role of the Dying Cowboy over and over again, and I was always glad to oblige. I added little refinements as I went along, like having them shoot me in the beginning of the game. Then I began falling on the sofa instead of

the floor, arranging myself comfortably right at the start.

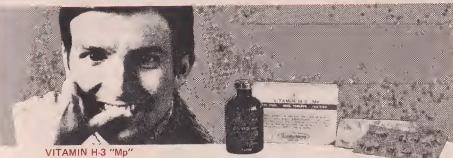
When "The Dying Cowboy" began to bore the boys, I created "The Pullman Trip." I was the Spy in the Lower Berth, a role in which I ran the gamut of napping poses on the sofa while the boys ran themselves to exhaustion playing conductors, porters and counterspies. When they tired of "Pullman," I created a little skit called "The Frozen Astronaut," in which I played this fellow who has been in a state of suspended animation for 500 years—on the sofa in our living room, naturally.

These little dramas are useful not only for setting the stage for after-dinner naps, but at almost any time,

anywhere. On the beach we play "Gulliver's Travels"—the scene where Gulliver falls asleep on the sand and all the Lilliputians tie him up. This is a role that suits me right down to the ground, I'll tell you. And in the backyard we play "Giant," in which I shout, "Fe, fi, fo, fum. I'm the Giant on the beanstalk. Jack is chopping it down! I'm falling, falling!" With that I fall (carefully, of course, and picking a shady spot) and lie in the cool, cool grass.

"The giant is dead," the boys scream gleefully, running round and round. I lie there, drifting off, and the curtain falls on another dramatic triumph of middle-aged inertia over childish exuberance. ❀❀

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It Pays to Enrich Your Word Power

BY PETER FUNK



"How forcible are right words," said the prophet Job. There are other ways of gaining power, but none so quick as by adding to your word supply. Test your word power by checking the word or phrase you think is nearest in meaning to the key word. Answers are on page 84.

- impious (im'pi'us) — A: mischievous. B: irreverent. C: shrewd. D: holy.
- tenet (ten'et) — A: net. B: resident or dweller. C: opinion held as true. D: experiment.
- opprobrious (ō prō'brī'us) — A: regarded as worthy. B: shameful. C: opposite. D: angry.
- occidental (ok sī den'tl) — A: belonging to the West. B: by chance. C: dark and shadowy. D: belonging to the East.
- orison (or'ī zūn) — A: sacramental cup. B: prayer. C: decoration. D: song.
- libido (lī bē' dō) — A: drunkenness. B: sensual desire. C: freedom. D: something forbidden.
- category (cat'uh gō rē) — A: positive statement. B: impassioned speech. C: division or class. D: thorough questioning.
- solace (sōl'iss) — A: peace. B: consolation. C: quiet. D: health.
- proscription (pro scrip' shun) — A: repeal. B: compulsory enrollment of men. C: physician's formula. D: imposed restriction.
- exact (eg zakt') — A: to perform correctly. B: keep securely. C: criticize freely. D: demand by authority.
- habitat (hab'ī tat) — A: appearance. B: dress or other outer garment. C: region where something normally lives. D: saddle.
- mentor (men'tur) — A: old man. B: experienced counselor. C: officer of the law. D: scholar.
- vassal (vass'uhl) — A: old-time ship. B: container. C: slave. D: Saxon lord.
- nuance (nū'ahnse; nū ahnce') — A: hint. B: subtle difference in meaning. C: trickery. D: modesty.
- convene (con vēm') — A: to make easy. B: call together. C: talk secretly. D: persuade.
- carousel (kar o sel'; kar ō sel') — A: merry-go-round. B: chime. C: wild drinking party. D: whirling dance.
- morass (mo rass') — A: marsh. B: confusion. C: melancholy. D: abyss.
- imposture (im poss' chōr) — A: heavy burden. B: stooping position. C: fraud or trickery to gain an end. D: handicap.
- foray (for'ā) — A: tropical fish. B: raid. C: display. D: failure.
- asseverate (ā sev'er āt) — A: to state emphatically. B: be proud. C: cut in two. D: annoy or irritate.

By DAVID REED

NORTHERN IRELAND—THE ENDLESS WAR

For most of us, the bitter struggle that continues to envelop Northern Ireland remains as baffling as it is remote. We know that British troops are confronting a traditional and implacable foe, the Irish Republican Army (IRA). And, in trying to keep the peace, the British army has roused the hatred of Catholics and even Protestants.

We know that the central issue of the bloody impasse is the partition of Ireland. In 1921, when independence from Britain was achieved, the island was divided between 26 Catholic-dominated counties in the south, which became the Republic of Ireland, and six counties in the north, which had a Protestant majority and chose to remain a part of Britain. The IRA, together with a majority of Catholics in both Irelands, has refused to accept this partition, and seeks the unification of the country through the return of Northern Ireland (also known as Ulster) to the Irish Republic. We know, too, that since 1969 terror and urban guerrilla warfare have increasingly been the result—held in some check recently by a series of uneasy and all-too-often bloody “truces.”

But understanding the political causes of the conflict is not the same as comprehending the agony and confusion and heroism of the people who are embroiled in it. Here, Reader's Digest Roving Editor David Reed shows, in vivid vignettes of the villains and heroes, victims and leaders, exactly how life is lived in this beleaguered land.



CARRYING RIFLES and dressed in combat fatigues, the soldiers streamed off the plane at Belfast's Aldergrove Airport one day last winter. Burma Company of the King's Own Royal Border Regiment had arrived in Northern Ireland to take its turn in one of the strangest conflicts in Britain's history—a struggle, within her own borders, that has gone on for six years.

Trucks convoyed the nervous troops toward the center of Belfast, where, for block after block, stood hulks of buildings bombed or burned out by terrorists. As the convoy headed down one street, youths shouted after it: “British bastards!” For some of the younger soldiers this was their first taste of Belfast's psychotic hatreds.

The fighting in Ulster has now

claimed at least 1206 lives: 866 civilians, 279 soldiers, 61 policemen. The toll in this British province, which has a population of just 1.5 million, is proportionately as if 169,900 had been killed in the United States. Belfast and other towns have been blitzed by more than 4000 bomb explosions. The British government, which compensates owners for such damage, has paid out some \$275 million in claims, with \$115 million still pending.

The convoy halted at a dilapidated factory building that would be Burma Company's barracks for its four-month tour of duty. The men were issued flak vests, which they would have to wear for almost all of their 16-to-20-hour workdays. For the next four months, Burma Company would never leave this

barracks except in force, on patrols. The danger of assassination or of kidnaping was too great. Each man would get \$1.18 extra combat pay per day during his time in Belfast, but some would not live to collect the munificent sum.

As Burma's first patrols and sentries were ordered out into the cold morning, nearly 15,000 British troops were in Ulster. At that moment, too, another army, the unseen Irish Republican Army, was on the move in Belfast and elsewhere in the province, preparing bombs, making plans for assassinations of civilian "enemies" and for sniper attacks and ambushes of British patrols.

EIGHT BRITISH SOLDIERS advanced up the Falls Road, followed by an armored car known as a Pig. Firing baton rounds—plastic bullets that cause only bruises—the eight were trying to disperse 50 young men hurling bricks at them. Suddenly a gasoline bomb exploded in front of the troops, whose section commander shouted, "Shoot to kill any bombers!" As the mob cheered, another grenade wounded two British soldiers.

After a short wait, an armored ambulance arrived. As the wounded were being loaded into the vehicle, the rioters threw another bomb. The mob cheered again. This time no one was hurt, and the ambulance roared away in a shower of bricks.

One soldier was aghast. "I saw who threw that bomb," he said. "I could have shot him—we had orders

to kill bombers. But what could I do? He couldn't have been more than eight years old."

ICY RAIN POURED down as the procession of 300 people made its way up the Falls Road. A piper played a lament on the Irish pipes. A group of men carried a plain wooden coffin.

For an hour this morning, a portion of the IRA's "Belfast Brigade" had surfaced, to hold a funeral for James P. McDaid, a 28-year-old native of Belfast who had been living in England for five years. McDaid had tried to plant a bomb outside a telephone exchange in Coventry. It had exploded prematurely, blowing him to bits.

The police regarded McDaid as a cowardly terrorist, and Roman Catholic churches in Belfast denied him a funeral mass. But IRA extremists still tried to make him out to be a hero and martyr.

The IRA came into being during the uprising against British forces in Dublin on Easter Sunday of 1916, and security forces in both Irelands have been fighting it off and on ever since. The sons and grandsons of the men who staged the Easter Uprising are today carrying on the struggle.

United for decades, the IRA split into two hostile wings in 1970. One, the Official or "red" IRA, is made up of avowed Marxists. The other wing, the Provisional or "green" IRA, has been responsible for most of the terrorism in Ulster and England.

The provos have no strong political ideology other than reunification.

The IRA's aim is simply to wear down British public opinion to the point where British troops will be withdrawn, leaving Northern Ireland to be reunited with the Irish Republic. The British government would like to see its troops return to their peacetime role, but feels that it has a responsibility in Ulster. Two thirds of the 1.5 million inhabitants are Protestants who bitterly oppose any merger with the predominantly Catholic Republic. Both Labor and Conservative leaders in Britain have declared that they are perfectly willing to see Ireland reunited, but only if the majority of Ulster's people agree. With Protestant feelings as they are, such agreement is not likely for a long time to come.

The majority of Catholics in both Irelands also favor eventual reunification, but they want it done peacefully and have no sympathy for the IRA. Unconcerned by that, the IRA has turned to gun and bomb. Catholics who run afoul of the organization are subjected to what the IRA calls "kneecapping"—a bullet fired through the kneecap. For informers, the IRA metes out "head jobs"—a bullet in the head. There are probably no more than 200 full-time provo terrorists in Belfast. But even such a small group, well organized and motivated, is enough to create grave disruption in a society.

The extreme among the faithful made a show of weeping as McDaid was buried near perhaps 200

other IRA men who have come to sudden ends over the last 59 years. Then, the funeral over, they spread out to carry on the work of an invisible army that never gives up.

THE BIG PROBLEM in West Belfast is unemployment," says the Very Rev. Canon Padraig Murphy, pastor to 20,000 Roman Catholics in two West Belfast parishes. "One out of ten provos might be a republican by conviction. Three or four are gangsters, in it for the money and name. The other five are young fellows not long out of school who are unemployed. They realize that there is something wrong with the social set-up. If they could find jobs and homes, they would be decent, hard-working people.

"For years the bishops and parish priests have denounced the IRA, but there's a queer mental block in these fellows, who otherwise would be good, moral men. Deep down, there is some sort of inherited conviction that they have the right to be the arbiters of Ireland's destiny and that, in pursuance of that right, they can take human life."

Father Murphy is an indefatigable leader in interdenominational efforts to promote better relations between Protestants and Catholics. When trouble threatens on the Falls Road, he does what he can to cool things down. One evening, a large crowd of angry women formed there. The army, fearful of a riot, asked Father Murphy for help. The authority of a parish priest is con-

siderable in Ireland, but it has its limits. So Father Murphy settled on a more devastating tactic.

Strolling up to the women, he said, "Sure, and do you know what they tell me? That all the good-looking women are going home!"

The women broke into laughter—and dispersed.

ALL OVER THE Protestant working-class neighborhoods of Belfast, a third army stands in readiness—the Ulster Defense Association (UDA), biggest of the Protestant extremist groups. The UDA came into existence in 1970 after major riots between Protestants and Catholics. Vigilantes armed with clubs took to patrolling Protestant neighborhoods at night. From this evolved an organization that now extends across Northern Ireland, has arms and explosives stockpiled, goes in for "kneecapping" (with electric drills), and is spoiling for a fight—not with the British army, but with Catholics.

The UDA is vastly larger than the IRA within Ulster, and its sympathizers are legion. It has shown its strength on occasion by parading 10,000 men in combat clothing through Belfast. The great fear these days among moderates of both faiths is that if the British army is withdrawn, a civil war would ensue, with Catholics as the principal victims.

FOURTEEN STORIES tall, Belfast's Europa Hotel stands like a heavyweight prizefighter,

battered and weary, who simply refuses to go down. The Europa has been damaged 27 times by bombs since it was opened in 1971. Many windows have been boarded up or temporarily glazed, plaster is cracked, and five floors are closed. But business goes on as usual.

The telephone rang in my room. "Mr. George Hyde is here to see you," a voice says.

"Thanks. Send him up."

"Well, he can't come up just at this moment. We're having a bomb scare."

"Bomb scare! Why didn't you sound the alarm?"

"It's all right; it's just a wee scare. The staff is coping with this one."

HE GREW UP IN Belfast, then joined the British army. For 11 years he served in Hong Kong, Malaya, Libya and other places, and never fired a shot in anger. Now Alec (not his real name) was back in his hometown, a captain in the Royal Military Police.

One Sunday evening, there was a gunfight in North Belfast. The military police cordoned off the area. "Okay, let's flush them out," a colonel said. The men fanned out through darkened streets (the IRA had broken the street lights to give better cover for forays), and Alec was coming up an alley with a 9-mm. Browning pistol in his hand. Suddenly there was a burst of gunfire close by. IRA terrorists had opened fire on the police. Straining to see in the half-light, Alec made

out three men, one carrying a carbine, running toward him.

Alec started to cock his pistol. To his horror, it jammed half-open. The terrorist with the rifle was a dozen yards away. There was only one thing to do. Alec raised the useless pistol high and shouted, "Halt—police! Hands up, or I'll shoot!"

The terrorists hesitated for agonizing seconds. Then the one with the rifle held it above his head as a sign of surrender. The three terrorists never realized that they had surrendered to a bluff.

Alec still had never fired a shot in anger.

IT WAS A GREAT DAY for Constable David Corry: he had just purchased a nearly new Ford Capri for \$2600. Beaming with pride, he drove to the Musgrave Street police station in downtown Belfast to show the car to his colleagues. He found a parking place in front of the station. It was 2:55 p.m.

Just then, a truck screeched to a stop next to him. The driver leaped out, shouting, "There's a bomb in my lorry!" IRA terrorists had hijacked the vehicle and loaded 200 pounds of explosives aboard. On threat of death if he did not obey, they ordered the man to drive the bomb-laden lorry to the Musgrave Street station.

Corry's first impulse was to move his car. Then he remembered the boys in the station. He ran inside shouting, "Clear—there's a bomb

outside!" They bolted out the back and evacuated office workers from surrounding buildings. Precisely at 3:30, a tremendous explosion shook the area, setting two buildings afire, breaking windows up and down the block. Thanks to Corry's warning, no one was hurt.

His ears still ringing, Corry sprinted to where he had parked the car. All that remained was a mound of junk. The boys never got to see his new Capri.

GERRY FITT HAS emerged as the top Catholic politician in Northern Ireland—leader of the Social Democratic and Labor Party, and a member of the British Parliament. Fitt, whose formal education ended when he was 15, is a consummate Irish ward politician; he would have gone far in Boston or Chicago. But now a heavy mesh covers the windows of Fitt's house as a safeguard against possible bombings. When he goes out, he often carries a gun, and a police car follows him. IRA extremists regard Fitt as a "traitor"; he regards them as a "gang of murderers." Fitt fears Protestant assassins, too—because he has long been an abrasive critic of discrimination against Catholics and makes no secret of his dream to see all of Ireland united.

"I don't want reunification by killing," Fitt says. "The image that the American Irish have of the IRA—that they are idealists fighting against an oppressor—is completely untrue. The IRA has some of the

worst elements in Irish society in its ranks."

Fitt has consistently shown up the IRA as a violent minority that has no popular support among Catholics. Yet, when he ran for re-election to Parliament last October in his West Belfast constituency—which takes in the Falls Road and other areas where the IRA is particularly active—he got 22,000 votes. An IRA-backed candidate got just 3500 votes.

Despite Fitt's persistence and moderation, prospects of solving Northern Ireland's political problems remain slim. When Fitt and other Catholic moderates teamed up with Protestant moderates, toward the end of 1973, to form a provincial government in which they would share executive power, the attempt collapsed as hard-line Protestant workers staged a two-week general strike.

THE STRAPPING British soldier was on sentry duty in downtown Belfast, when a tiny old lady marched up and whacked him smartly on the shin with a furled umbrella. "You should be ashamed of what your army did at Drogheda!" she shouted at the startled soldier.

She was berating him for the fact that British troops, led by Oliver Cromwell, massacred between 2000 and 4000 inhabitants of the Irish city of Drogheda—in 1649.

THE REV. IAN PAISLEY is a giant of a man with the

physique of a wrestler. He towers over Northern Ireland's political and religious life as well. He is the leader of the Democratic Unionist Party, composed of hard-line Protestants; and he heads the Free Presbyterian Church of Ireland, a movement which he founded and where he preaches an unabashed gospel fundamentalism peppered with thunderous denunciations of "Old Red Socks," as he calls the Pope in Rome.

Paisley was one of the major reasons that Ulster's power-sharing experiment collapsed last year. He and his followers regard Catholics as a belligerent minority which seeks not to make Northern Ireland's political institutions work, but to destroy them to pave the way for reunification. A spellbinding orator, when he utters the historic battle cry of the Protestants—"No surrender!"—the Prods go absolutely berserk.

Elected to the British Parliament in 1970, Paisley has mellowed a bit. He no longer leads tumultuous street demonstrations, and he has been out-extremed by hard men in the UDA—men who have no time for the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth. Still, he remains one of the most important Protestant politicians, vowing that power-sharing will never be restored.

JUST BEFORE THE DAY shift goes home from one factory in Belfast each afternoon, a Pig manned by riflemen of the Royal Green Jackets starts circling the residential

streets near the plant gate. Five riflemen on foot fan out nearby.

The quitting whistle sounds. Hundreds of workmen boil out of the plant gate. The younger men bolt up the street at a dead run. Older men trot along at a pace that belies their years. The Pig joins the throng as it moves up the block. Many of the workmen cluster close to its cold steel sides. The foot soldiers, moving with the procession, take practice aim at likely vantage points for snipers.

"What's all this about?" the visitor asks.

"Well, sir, these men are Prods," a rifleman explains. "They have to pass through a block of Catholic territory to get to their own neighborhood. Frequently the Catholics throw rocks at them or shoot at them from rooftops. We're here to protect them as best we can."

By five o'clock, all of the workmen are home safely. In the morning they will have to run the gantlet again to get to work. The Pig and riflemen will be there.

HIS HOBBY IS COLLECTING ANTIQUES, which he handles with the careful relish of a connoisseur. He owes the fact that he is alive to an astonishing ability to handle things gingerly. For the antique enthusiast is "Topcat," who until last February was senior officer of the British army's 100-man bomb-disposal unit in Northern Ireland. His actual name is Lt. Col. John Gaff. When a bomb is discovered

anywhere in Ulster, it becomes the unit's job to render it harmless—somehow.

In all, 350 people have been killed in some 4000 bomb explosions, most of them set by the IRA, some by Protestant terrorists. Thirteen men in the bomb-disposal unit have been killed in disposal operations, some by booby traps set expressly for them by the IRA.

Still, Gaff and his colleagues have successfully neutralized more than 2000 bombs, containing 80,000 pounds of explosives. For their work the unit has a bulging kit of James Bond gadgetry—the most important item being "Wheelbarrow," a robot tracked-vehicle, the size of a riding lawn mower, equipped with television camera and shotgun. If a parked vehicle is suspected to contain a bomb, Wheelbarrow can shoot a window out and send its boom-mounted television camera through the window for a look. Should there be a suspicious parcel, the bomb unit aims first to defuse it; failing that, the men try to detonate it with a small charge or with Wheelbarrow's shotgun.

AFTER SIX YEARS OF violence, Belfast's suicide rate has dropped, startlingly, to half the level of previous years. The incidence of depression and other psychological ailments has also decreased sharply.

It is not that Belfast is psychologically healthy. On the contrary, it is sinking ever deeper into mass neurosis. Some psychologists sug-

gest that with the breakdown of law and order, mentally ill persons no longer internalize their aggressions. Instead, they have an opportunity, indeed almost license, to externalize them.

TWO CORPORALS, veterans of several tours of duty in Belfast, speak of their experiences:

First corporal: "When you see a thousand people walking up the Falls Road, chucking everything they can pick up at you, it takes a lot of guts to stand there and push them back. On occasion, the women are worse than the men. I captured an IRA suspect, and when I came out the door, a woman hit me on the head with a club. I went down, out cold."

Second corporal: "Women got hold of one of our men, spread-eagled him on the floor, and a bloke shot him in the head. These women are not women as we know them. I've never hated anybody in my life before. Now I've had hate banged into me. I've had five good friends killed here in Belfast. All my lads really do hate."

WHERE DOES THE IRA get the money to finance its operations? Some is obtained at gunpoint, but substantial sums are raised by voluntary contributions from people of Irish origin in the United States, England and elsewhere.

Says a man familiar with the problem: "Some Irish-Americans may believe that the guns and explosives

bought with their money are used exclusively against the British in Northern Ireland, whom they may be persuaded by IRA propaganda to see as occupation forces present against the wishes of its people, or the people of Ireland as a whole. They should know these facts: First, 900 of the 1200 who have died in this campaign, or as a result of the provocation given by the IRA, have been Irish, not British. Second, the British army in Northern Ireland—although the Irish government has frequently had occasion to complain about aspects of its activities—is seen by the minority Catholic community to be there as the only available guarantee to them against the pogrom and massacre that might all too easily follow the withdrawal of these forces."

The speaker is a Dublin man—Garret FitzGerald, Minister for Foreign Affairs of the Irish Republic.

A BOMB WENT OFF at 4:30 on a Saturday afternoon in the Abercorn restaurant and bar in downtown Belfast. As the terrorists knew full well, the restaurant was crowded at that hour with women shoppers. So many persons were injured that eight operating rooms at the Royal Victoria Hospital were in constant use for six hours. One surgeon operated until late in the evening, then broke down on learning that his 21-year-old daughter had been killed in the blast.

Eventually, the toll of injured came to 136 persons, 102 of them

women. Two others were dead. Among the injured were two sisters, Rosaleen McNern, 22, and Jennifer, 21. Rosaleen was planning to marry, and she and Jennifer had been shopping for the wedding when they decided to have coffee at the Abercorn. Rosaleen lost an arm and both legs above the knee. Jennifer also lost both legs, one above and one below the knee.

Two months after the blast, the McNern sisters were brought to the Artificial Limb and Appliance Centre of Belfast's Musgrave Park Hospital and fitted with "pylons"—bucket-shaped devices into which the stump of each leg is thrust. They were taught to plod along on the pylons, holding onto parallel bars. In Rosaleen's case, it was all the more difficult because she had only one arm.

Much shorter than regular artificial legs, the pylons are a temporary measure—to build up patients' muscles, and to acquaint them with the problem of living with artificial limbs. Eventually, the McNern sisters were ready for full-length legs and the weeks of work that would enable them to leave the Centre—"walking." Soon after, Rosaleen married her fiancé.

MY CHURCH MUST be the most frequently bombed in Christendom," says Canon R. Edgar

Turner. Its shattered windows are covered with warped hardboard. Chill winds seep in from the Belfast Lough. The heating system has been turned up full, but the temperature in the sanctuary is 45 degrees.

Turner's church, the Parish Church of St. George—which is of the Church of Ireland (Episcopalian) faith—has been violently shaken 16 times by bomb explosions. None of the bombs was aimed at the church; it seems, but St. George's is in Belfast's city center. The IRA has long tried to paralyze commercial life in Belfast by placing bombs in downtown buildings, and St. George's has caught the full force of many of them.

Standing in the center aisle of the battered church, Turner says: "After a really bad blast, one feels depressed. But the way our people have cleared the rubbish has been encouraging. Throughout all the troubles, not a single person has left the choir. They keep coming, twice every Sunday. That makes me realize how important it is to keep the witness of a parish like this going."

"No, the services in this church will never stop, whatever happens. We're going to carry on."

Echoes the Lord Mayor of Belfast, Sir William Christie: "The Ulsterman will not be beaten. He won't give in to terrorism."

And the endless war goes on.

A WEATHER forecast that says "Partly cloudy followed by partly sunny" is bound to be partly accurate.

—Frank Tyger in *The Wall Street Journal*

"IT PAYS TO ENRICH YOUR WORD POWER"

1. **impious**—B: Irreverent; lacking in respect; profane; wicked; as, "He lived a life that was pagan and impious." Latin *impius* from *im-*, "not," and *pius*, "reverent."
2. **tenet**—C: An opinion, principle or doctrine held as true; as, "The tenet of the totalitarian is that men must be guided and controlled." Latin *tenere*, "to hold."
3. **opprobrious**—B: Shameful; odious; disgraceful. Latin *ob-*, "upon," and *probrum*, "disgrace."
4. **occidental**—A: From a Latin word meaning "to set, as the sun," and applied by Asian countries to the lands west of them. Hence, of or belonging to the West.
5. **orison**—B: Prayer; words appropriate to prayer; as, "The monks were heard chanting their orisons." Latin *orare*, "to pray."
6. **libido**—B: In both Latin and English this means sensual desire; violent longing; emotional craving; a primal urge; as, "They tried to sublimate their libido in religious devotion."
7. **category**—C: Division or class; as, "Today's taxes fall into three major categories."
8. **solace**—B: Originally from Latin *solor*, meaning consolation; comfort in grief or calamity; as, "Keeping busy has brought solace to millions of souls."
9. **proscription**—D: An imposed restriction or restraint; as, "The dictator issued a proscription of all civil rights."
10. **exact**—D: To demand by authority; to levy or extort; as, "Kidnapers usually exact ransom."
11. **habitat**—C: A region where something normally lives or is found; as,

"The Rockies are the *habitat* of the mountain lion." Latin *habitat*o, "dwelling."

12. **mentor**—B: In the *Odyssey*, Ulysses has left his son's education to Mentor, an old and trusted friend. Thus the word has come to mean a wise and experienced counselor.
13. **vassal**—C: Originally one who held land under a superior lord. Hence, a slave; as, "Hitler virtually reduced his countrymen to *vassals*." Medieval Latin *vassallus*, "servant."
14. **nuance**—B: A French loan-word that means a slight difference in shading or coloration. Hence, a subtle difference in anything perceptible to the mind; as, "His tone of voice gave an unfriendly *nuance* to an otherwise friendly word."
15. **convene**—B: Call together; convoke; summon to assemble; as, "The President will *convene* a special session of Congress." Latin *con-*, "together," and *venire*, "to come."
16. **carousel**—A: Once this meant a military tournament or pageant; but now the word, of Italian inheritance, applies to the ordinary amusement-park merry-go-round.
17. **morass**—A: A marsh, swamp or quagmire; hence, any distressing difficulty hard to get out of. Dutch *moeras*.
18. **imposture**—C: Fraud or trickery to gain an end; deception. Originally from the Latin *in*, "on," and *ponere*, "to place."
19. **foray**—B: Raiding expedition; as, "The enemy made a dawn *foray*." Old French *forer*, "to pillage."
20. **asseverate**—A: To state emphatically; affirm solemnly; make an earnest and positive declaration. Latin *asseverare*, "to act with earnestness."

Vocabulary Ratings

20-18	correct.....	exceptional
17-15	correct.....	excellent
14-12	correct.....	good

FICTION FEATURE

Condensed from
"THE COMPLETE SHORT STORIES OF
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM"

He was of impeccable character and undeniable competence—but in the eyes of the vicar he suffered one lamentable lack

The Verger

W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

THERE had been a christening that afternoon at St. Peter's, Neville Square, and Albert

Edward Foreman still wore his verger's gown. He wore it with complacency, for it was the dignified symbol of his office, and when he took it off to go home he had the disconcerting sensation of being somewhat insufficiently clad. He took pains with it, pressing it himself. During the 16 years he had been verger of this church he had had a succession of such gowns, but he had never been able to throw them away when they were worn out. The complete series, neatly wrapped up in

brown paper, lay in the bottom drawers of the wardrobe in his bedroom.

The verger waited for the vicar to finish in the vestry so that he could tidy up there and go home. Presently he saw the vicar walk across the chancel, genuflect in front of the high altar and come down the aisle; but he still wore his cassock.

"What's he 'anging about for?" the verger said to himself. "Don't 'e know I want my tea?"

The vicar had been but recently appointed, a red-faced, energetic man in the early 40s, and Albert Edward still regretted the departure

of his predecessor, a clergyman of the old school who preached leisurely sermons in a silvery voice and dined out a great deal with his more aristocratic parishioners. He liked things in church to be just so, but he never fussed; he was not like this new man, who wanted to have his finger in every pie. But Albert Edward was tolerant.

"All this 'ustle," said Albert Edward. "But give 'im time. 'E'll learn."

The vicar had walked down the aisle and now addressed the verger: "Foreman, will you come into the vestry for a minute. I have something to say to you." He preceded Albert Edward into the vestry. Albert Edward was surprised to find the two churchwardens there, elderly men who had been churchwardens almost as long as Albert Edward had been verger.

Albert Edward faced them, and wondered with slight uneasiness what was the matter. But his thoughts did not appear on his clean-cut and distinguished features. He stood in a respectful but not obsequious attitude. He had been in service before he was appointed to his ecclesiastical office, but only in very good houses, and his deportment was impeccable. He looked, if not like a duke, at least like an actor of the old school who specialized in dukes' parts. He had tact, firmness and self-assurance. His character was unimpeachable.

The vicar began briskly. "Foreman, you've been here a great many

years, and I think his lordship and the general agree with me that you've fulfilled the duties of your office to the satisfaction of everybody concerned."

The two churchwardens nodded. "But a most extraordinary circumstance came to my knowledge the other day, and I felt it my duty to impart it to the churchwardens. I discovered to my astonishment that you could neither read nor write."

The verger's face betrayed no sign of embarrassment.

"The last vicar knew that, sir," he replied. "E said it didn't make no difference. 'E always said there was a great deal too much education in the world for 'is taste."

"It's the most amazing thing I ever heard," cried the general. "Do you mean to say that you've been verger of this church for 16 years and never learned to read or write?"

"I went into service when I was 12, sir. The cook in the first place tried to teach me once, but I didn't seem to 'ave the knack for it, and then what with one thing and another I never seemed to 'ave time. I've never really found the want of it. Me wife's quite a scholar, and if I want to write a letter she writes it for me."

"Well, Foreman," said the vicar, "at a church like St. Peter's we cannot have a verger who can neither read nor write. Understand me, I have no complaint to make against you. I have the highest opinion both of your character and of your capacity; but we haven't the right to take

the risk of some accident that might happen owing to your lamentable ignorance. We don't want to be harsh with you, but the churchwardens and I have quite made up our minds. We'll give you three months, and if at the end of that time you cannot read and write, I'm afraid you'll have to go."

Albert Edward had never liked the new vicar. He'd said from the beginning that they'd made a mistake when they gave him St. Peter's. Now he straightened himself a little. He knew his value, and he wasn't going to allow himself to be put upon.

"I'm very sorry, sir, I'm afraid it's no good. I'm too old a dog to learn new tricks. I shall be 'appy to 'and in my resignation as soon as you've found somebody to take my place."

But when Albert Edward with his usual politeness had closed the church door behind the vicar and the churchwardens, he could not sustain the air of unruffled dignity with which he had borne the blow inflicted upon him, and his lips quivered. He walked slowly back to the vestry and hung up on its proper peg his verger's gown. He tidied everything up, put on his coat and, hat in hand, walked down the aisle. He locked the church door behind him. He strolled across the square but, deep in his sad thoughts, he did not take the street that led him home.

He walked slowly along, his heart heavy. He did not know what he should do with himself. He had

saved a tidy sum, but not enough to live on without doing something. He had never thought to be troubled with such a matter. The vergers of St. Peter's, like the popes of Rome, were there for life.

Albert Edward was a non-smoker, but when he was tired he enjoyed a cigarette. It occurred to him now that one would comfort him, and he looked about for a shop where he could buy a packet. It was a long street, with all sorts of shops in it, but there was not a single one where you could buy cigarettes.

"I shouldn't wonder but what a fellow might do very well with a little shop here," he said. "Tobacco and sweets, you know."

He gave a sudden start.

"That's an idea," he said. "Strange 'ow things come to you when you least expect it."

He walked home and had his tea.

"You're very silent this afternoon, Albert," his wife remarked.

"I'm thinkin'," he said.

Next day, he went back along that street and by good luck found a little shop to let that looked as though it would exactly suit him. Twenty-four hours later, he had rented it; and when a month after that he left St. Peter's, Neville Square, forever, Albert Edward Foreman set up in business as a tobacconist and newsagent. His wife said it was a dreadful comedown after being verger of St. Peter's, but he answered that you had to move with the times.

Albert Edward did very well. He did so well that in a year or so he

took a second shop and put a manager in. Then it occurred to him that if he could run two, he could run a dozen. So he began walking about London, and whenever he found a long street that had no tobacconist and a shop to let, he took it. In the course of ten years, he had acquired no less than ten shops. He went round to them every Monday, collected the week's takings and took them to the bank.

One morning when he was there, the cashier told him that the manager would like to see him. He was shown into an office, and the manager shook hands with him.

"Mr. Foreman, d'you know how much money you've got on deposit with us? It's over 30,000 pounds. That's a very large sum to have on deposit, and I should have thought you'd do better to invest it."

"I wouldn't want to take no risk, sir. I know it's safe in the bank."

"You needn't have the least anxiety. We'll make you out a list of absolutely gilt-edged securities. They'll bring you in a better rate of interest than we can possibly give you."

A troubled look settled on Mr. Foreman's face. "I've never 'ad anything to do with stocks, and I'd 'ave to leave it all in your 'ands," he said.

The manager smiled. "We'll do everything. All you'll have to do next time you come in is sign the transfers."

"I could do that all right," said Albert uncertainly. "But 'ow should I know what I was signin'?"

"I suppose you can read," said the manager, a trifle sharply.

Foreman gave him a disarming smile. "Well, sir, that's just it. I can't. I know it sounds funny-like, but there it is. I can't read or write, only me name, an' I only learnt to do that when I wept into business."

The manager was so surprised that he jumped up from his chair. "Do you mean to say that you've built up this business and amassed a fortune without being able to read or write? Good God, man, what would you be now if you *had* been able to?"

"I can tell you that, sir," said Mr. Foreman, a little smile on his aristocratic features. "I'd be verger of St. Peter's, Neville Square."

Cost Analysis

MY TEEN-AGE SON'S remark about treating his girl friend to a nine-dollar steak dinner set me reminiscing about how much times have changed.

It was the mid-'50s, and I was 17. Ray, my steady boy friend, and I were seated in his '49 Mercury at a local drive-in restaurant. The car hop brought our order, and as we sat there eating our 25-cent hamburgers, and drinking our five-cent root beers, Ray said matter-of-factly, "I guess you realize that if we get married, we won't be able to afford to eat out like this."

—Contributed by Mrs. Ray Goff



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Is it really the supernatural graveyard of ships and planes that it's reputed to be? Or have imaginations been working overtime?

What's the Truth About the Bermuda Triangle?

By JAMES STEWART-GORDON

AT 2:10 p.m. on December 5, 1945, five U.S. Navy training planes took off in clear weather from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., flew east over coastal waters—and disappeared into seemingly insoluble mystery. This was Flight 19, Lt. C. C. Taylor commanding four student pilots and their crews—14 men in all. Flight 19's mission was a navigational training run between Florida and the Bahamas.

At about 3:40, Taylor reported that his compasses—both gyro and magnetic—were not reading properly. Flight 19 followed its leader aimlessly, first east, then west, then northeast over the ocean, as he tried to get his bearings by radio. Then, suddenly, Taylor was heard to give orders to ditch. And, not long after, all contact was lost.

Quickly, two Martin Mariners—giant seaplanes designed for long-range patrols—were dispatched to search for Flight 19. Several hours later, the wind kicked up to 30 knots

and visibility became limited. A return to base was ordered. Only one Mariner landed. For days thereafter, the Navy and Coast Guard combed a 100,000-square-mile area with more than 100 planes and surface craft, but no trace was ever found of Flight 19 or the other Mariner.

Today, 30 years after the tragedy, Flight 19 and the lost Martin Mariner are again in the news as central characters in a mystery that has set spines atingle the world over. Journalists, authors, television producers and psychics have noted the disappearance of many another ship and plane in the southwestern quadrant of the North Atlantic—and have created there a haunting zone called the Bermuda Triangle, where ships are found deserted with warm food in their galleys, planes vanish immediately after signaling that they are landing, and navigational compasses behave as if bewitched.

Apexes of the Triangle are Bermuda, Puerto Rico and a point in

the Gulf of Mexico west of Florida. It is a watery Jekyll-and-Hyde world of tiny coral islands, glittery beaches and blissfully beautiful waters, where itinerant hazes, powerful currents and sudden storms lurk behind a deceptively smiling exterior. One can never know, it appears, when that smile may turn into a snarl.

While controversy mounts over whether the Triangle's deadly influences—which, as the story goes, have accounted for 35 ships and planes since 1946—can be explained by science or must be attributed to supernatural forces, fascination with the subject has produced a torrent of books, films, TV specials. At the very top of recent best-seller lists has appeared *The Bermuda Triangle*, by linguist and scuba diver Charles Berlitz. Two paperbacks, *The Devil's Triangle* by Richard Winer, and *Limbo of the Lost* by John Wallace Spencer, have sold nearly three million copies in the past two years.

Fateful Date. Of the alleged 40 ships and 20 planes lost mysteriously during the last 100 years, 21 have met misfortune in the months of December and January, when boreal blasts and the Christmas Winds blow across the Triangle, bringing huge swells. Three of the most celebrated victims—including Flight 19—have appeared or disappeared on the same date: December 5.

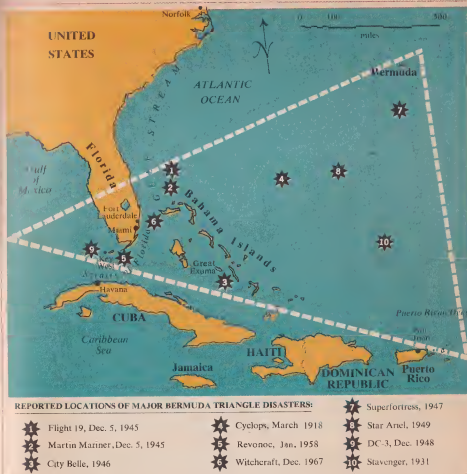
The first, the brig *Mary Celeste*, was discovered rocking gently on a calm, misty morning in 1872 near the Azores (to whose boundaries the influence of the Triangle is pre-

sumed by some to reach). Sails set and cargo intact, she had been deserted by her captain and eight-man crew. The mystery remains unsolved. Exactly 74 years later, and a year after the loss of Flight 19, the Bahamas schooner *City Belle* was found south of the Bahamas, deserted by her crew. Her fate has never been explained.

The largest ship the Triangle has claimed is the U.S.S. *Cyclops*, a 19,000-ton Navy collier bound from Rio de Janeiro to Norfolk with a cargo of manganese ore. She disappeared in March 1918, carrying a 293-man crew and a mysteriously silent wireless with her.

The Triangle is also credited with swallowing up the yacht *Revonoc* in January 1958 with her owner (millionaire publisher Harvey Conover) and four-man crew while they were cruising from Key West to Miami. Only traces of the *Revonoc*: a smashed lifeboat and a toilet seat.

Equally puzzling is the case of the 23-foot cabin cruiser *Witchcraft*, which set out from Miami on the night of December 22, 1967, when her owner and a passenger decided to view the city's Christmas lights. A few hours later, the owner radioed Miami Coast Guard that *Witchcraft* needed assistance—she had damaged her propeller and was adrift near the harbor channel entrance, from which they could see Miami. Within ten minutes, the Coast Guard was on the spot—but no sign of the cruiser has ever been found.



Calm and Bright. The air above the Triangle seems just as conducive to vanishing acts. In the summer of 1947, a U.S. Air Force Superfortress reporting no difficulties was swallowed up 100 miles from the Bermuda coast. The following year, on January 30, a British commercial airliner called the *Star Tiger*, with 31 aboard, vanished after radioing

Bermuda that all was well and they would land on schedule. (One year later, the *Star Ariel*—a sister ship—was lost under similar circumstances.) In December 1948, the pilot of a chartered DC-3 bound from San Juan to Miami reported—over the sound of his passengers singing Christmas carols—the lights of Miami in sight. All was calm, all was

bright—but the plane was never heard of again.

Despite insistence by the U.S. Navy, the Coast Guard and the National Ocean Survey that disasters within the so-called Triangle can be explained by natural causes, cultists continue to suspect the worst. They attribute the eerie happenings there to such diabolic forces as: visitors from outer space who descend in spaceships to gobble up human victims; a space-time warp that traps its victims in another dimension; the remains of a giant prism left by a sophisticated past civilization which sends out sinister rays when lunar and astral conditions reactivate it; a giant void leading to the center of the earth.

Spoiler of Romance. As interest in the Triangle has boiled up, a counter-revolution has set in. Lawrence Kusche, a librarian at landlocked Arizona State University, has written a book, *The Bermuda Triangle Mystery—Solved*, which exposes Triangle fables case by case. The fabulists, according to Kusche, instead of looking for logical solutions, have copied each other's mistakes, embroidering details until what really happened has been obscured by the elaborate crewel work of pure romance.

For example, someone once recorded that in 1931 a ship of Norwegian registry called the *Stavenger* had vanished in the Triangle with all hands. Ever since, the *Stavenger* has usually been on Triangle cultists' lists. Kusche, by checking the rec-

ords, discovered that there was no *Stavenger* under Norwegian flag in 1931. As for the *City Belle*, battered by a sudden storm, she had signaled that she was in distress. Her signal was picked up by the American base on Great Exuma, and her crew was rescued. Bang goes another legend!

Launching into the tale of the *Cyclops*, Kusche reports that a diver working on another job near Norfolk, Va., in 1968 spotted what could have been her wreckage, resting on the bottom. The cause of her demise, as advanced by the Coast Guard, is that she may have been hit broadside by a sudden wave, caving in her hatch covers. Then seas filled her hold, waterlogging her top-heavy cargo and tipping her over before anyone could send out an SOS.

Add to all the other hazards the fact that the Straits of Florida are among the busiest waterways in the world. In the haze common here, large ships sometimes run down smaller craft with no more than a slight, unnoticed bump. From the bits of wreckage located, the Coast Guard thinks that is what could have happened to the unhappy yacht *Revonoc*.

Supernatural Forces? Capt. Adrian Lonsdale, of the Coast Guard, is convinced that meteorological disturbances, mechanical failure and human error are the causes of the disasters. He adds, "The loss of the *Witchcraft* is a perfect example of all three. The night was windy, and one propeller was damaged, which reduced her speed. She had a Ber-

muda top—a canvas covering which acted like a sail. Between the action of the currents, the effect of the wind on her top, and her reduced speed, she was probably carried north toward Ft. Lauderdale. From the sea, Lauderdale looks like Miami. When *Witchcraft* radioed that she was off Miami, she was actually off Lauderdale. We were looking in the wrong place. She must eventually have been carried out to sea, and that was the end of that."


Even the most experienced aircraft pilots can encounter trouble in such an unpredictable area. In 1962, Coast Guard Capt. Marshall Phillips, flying a routine sweep, found himself without warning in the grip of a thunderstorm. In seconds, his plane was thrust violently downward, then upward like a slingshot pellet, as the cloud's unleashed forces clawed at his plane's wings, almost snapping them off. Phillips got clear, only to discover himself flying upside down at 8000 feet. He did not panic—and managed to right his plane and return to base. In his opinion, the Superfortress that vanished in 1947 must have flown into just such a thunderstorm—invisible to radar—and been destroyed.

Commenting on the lost DC-3 and its carolers, Phillips says, "Before takeoff the pilot reported that the batteries in his radio-sending equipment were weak. Then the wind had shifted strongly and, instead of being over south Florida, he was probably over the Gulf of

Mexico and mistaking the lights of Key West for Miami. Finally, he ran out of gas and crashed." In the Coast Guard's opinion, the two British *Star* planes could have run into thunderstorms, causing them to disintegrate, or—more likely—driving them off course beyond the range of their radio equipment. They went down when their fuel was exhausted.

Flight 19 was lost not because of supernatural forces but because Taylor lost his bearings. He failed to switch to his clear emergency radio channel, which would have made it possible for shore stations to give him a fix on his position; and finally panic seems to have moved in.

As for the lost Martin Mariner, the freighter *Gaines Mills* reported a tremendous fiery bang at 7:50 p.m. in the area where the plane was flying. The known susceptibility of Martin Mariners to develop loose fuel connections in the face of turbulence and then to blow up supplies its own answer.

Captain Lonsdale sums up: "Lloyd's of London reports an average of 352 major ships a year (exclusive of pleasure craft and light planes) lost throughout the world. Four or five of these are stricken so suddenly that they have no time to send out an SOS. If a ship is lost in a violent storm in what is known as the Triangle, to us it's a disaster. To someone who doesn't know the facts, it's uncanny. I guess anything you can't understand yourself is bound to be supernatural." 



State



Flag

NEVADA: STRANGE, LONESOME LAND

Armchair Travelogue

Gaming, ghost towns and deserts may be what first meet the eye, but this frontier state's riches are infinitely varied

BY DON WHARTON

Horses graze in the late afternoon sun, in a roadside pasture northeast of Elko

gins—a vast, strange, lonesome land, about the closest thing we have to frontier country. It's our driest state, with 28 species of cactus and but seven inches of rainfall a year. Less than one percent of all the land in Nevada is under cultivation. Only six states are larger; only three have fewer inhabitants. You can drive 40 miles without seeing a house, a store or a tree.

Many outsiders think of Nevada as a wasteland, a place to stay away from unless one goes in for gambling. Actually, you will find fascinating country and, despite the aridness, a remarkable collection of lakes and rivers. You come upon the Humboldt River soon after passing Pilot Peak—a shallow, inconsequential-looking stream, which played a major role in the winning of the West. Its valley was for 365 miles the '49ers' principal—and most pleasant—overland route to California. There was always water, and usually grass for the horses, mules and oxen.

We headquartered near the Humboldt's birthplace, at Elko, which one scholar calls "about the last authentic cow town in the United States." Cowboys of all types frequent its cafés and casinos. Only a few minutes' drive away are the spectacular Ruby Mountains (the name derived from red garnets that early explorers mistook for rubies), which rise 11,000 feet out of the Great Basin. As we climbed through the eroded granite of Secret Pass,

DRIVING westward across Great Salt Lake Desert, pursuing repeated mirages, you finally sight a huge, symmetrical mountain rising solidly out of the flats ahead. This is Pilot Peak, a landmark in the days of the '49ers for struggling California-bound wagon trains.

Pilot Peak is where Nevada be-

DAVID HILGREN



Elephant Rock, one of nature's sculptures in the Valley of Fire

with 65-ton loads scurry constantly down to the huge extraction plant. One of these vast loads of ore yields only 13 ounces of gold, but still the operation is profitable—some \$114-million worth of gold has been extracted to date.

Continuing west, we followed a trail located in 1833 by one of the great mountain men, Joe Walker. Part of the route he found was the one taken in 1869 for our first transcontinental railroad. Today it is the route followed by Interstate 80, the nation's foremost east-west highway. So we are on historic ground for hundreds of miles, until we turn off for Pyramid Lake, so named by explorer John C. Fremont because jutting out of the water are rock formations that look precisely like pyramids.

there was snow on the high slopes, and two deer, ears cocked, watched us from a patch of stunted willows. Then we burst into the broad, beautiful ranch country of Secret and Ruby valleys. Cattle-and-sheep raising rates as one of Nevada's three basic industries (tourism and mining are the others), and Elko County has far more cattle than people.

On the other side of Elko, we took a road into the rolling, rounded, sage-covered Tuscarora Mountains to a gold mine called the Carlin. It is the nation's largest gold strike in this century; its first ore was extracted in 1965. Long before you reach the mine, you glimpse a whole mountainside being carved away. Trucks

Pyramid Lake contrasts strikingly with nearby Lake Tahoe. Pyramid sits in desert country, cradled by bare, sharply eroded hills; it is salty, has no outlet, and many of its little islands and promontories are sheathed with grotesque, bulbous shell layers. Lake Tahoe, on the other hand, is one of the world's finest alpine lakes. Its irregular rocky shoreline is thickly forested with spruce, pine, cedar, fir and tamarack; its fresh water is extraordinarily transparent—on sunny days you can clearly see objects 65 feet below the surface.

Reno, farther west than Los An-

geles, is a good place from which to see the western part of the state. In this portion of Nevada, distances are not overwhelming. It's only 30 miles to Carson City, whose population of fewer than 16,000 makes it the smallest of all state capitals. Virginia City, 23 miles away, is our most celebrated ghost town, drawing well over half a million visitors a year. Among the memorabilia of its glory days are a dozen ornate saloons, exquisite mansions of the silver kings and an opera house that went in more for burlesque than opera.

Here is where Nevada struck it rich in 1859, with the Comstock Lode and its fabulous gold and silver. Until then, Nevada and its few hundred people had been nothing but a highway stop on the route to California. Afterward, Virginia City became the center of the greatest mining activity on the continent. By 1864, Nevada was a state—with the smallest population any state ever had on admission: 21,406. (The hurry to admit pro-Union, Republican Nevada was so great that its newly drawn constitution was telegraphed to Washington in its entirety.) The peak of mining activity was reached around 1878, when the Virginia City and Gold Hill areas of Storey County boasted nearly 70,000 people. Soon after, the ore was exhausted, and today the whole of Storey has only 695 residents.



Now we head southeast from Reno toward Las Vegas, 447 miles away, and soon come upon Walker Lake. Nearly every day in Nevada is clear, but the air here seems to have been especially washed, and the lake's opposite shore looks much less than eight miles away. We pass a treeless, rolling desert, borax deposits looking like fields of flour, and a mountain range that's fiery pink. Suddenly the sagebrush vanishes, its place taken by the creosote bush. Cactus appears, and creamy-blossomed Joshua trees, and soon we are passing through Goldfield, once Nevada's largest city and now just black after block of crumbled walls. Then we sight the huge sand piles



of the Amargosa Desert—and finally Las Vegas.

The number of people working in the bars, hotels, cafés and casinos of this crowded resort is five times the total of people employed on all of Nevada's farms. There are a dozen hotels in Las Vegas whose individual casinos match in number of gambling tables and activity the entire gambling establishment at Monte Carlo. Nevada is our only state with legalized casino-type gambling (last year's gross revenues: more than \$1 billion), but the word "gambling" is officially replaced by the euphemism "gaming" (for instance, it's the Nevada Gaming Commission and the State Gaming Control Board). Nevada has licensed 46,938

slot machines (always termed "slots" here), and they're everywhere—in drugstores, air terminals, grocery stores. In one Las Vegas supermarket alone, I counted 14 slots just beyond the checkout counters. A man trying to balance a big bag of groceries was playing one; a woman with a grocery cart and a restless baby was putting nickels in another.

But there's more than Las Vegas in the state's deep south. First, of course, is that concrete wonder, Hoover Dam, 726 feet high, one of the truly great engineering marvels of this century. With one shoulder in Nevada and the other in Arizona, it, with Davis Dam downriver, provides power and water for the entire Pacific Southwest. Lake Mead, formed by the dam, is 115 miles long and backs up enough blue water to cover the entire State of New York to a depth of one foot. Then we encountered a brilliant red sandstone wonderland called the Valley of Fire, whose rocks actually seem to glow. Here you wind through miles of weird formations, shaped by the elements to resemble elephants, dragons, beehives, even a gigantic, recumbent Thomas Jefferson.

We hit high country in the Spring Mountain Range. When the temperature is 100 degrees in Las Vegas, only 35 miles away, blankets are needed here. In less than an hour you pass from the hot world of

cactus, yucca and creosote bush into a sub-alpine zone of firs, where elk and deer play.

Nevada continually surprises. One day we happened upon a traveling sand dune; it was actually crossing the highway. You could see the wave patterns formed by the wind and, when I stopped the car, we watched little sandfalls at the top of the sandbank and, below them, riuvelts of sand moving slowly downward. In the dry, dusty desert in Esmeralda County, we came around some hills and found the whole horizon filled with the great wall of the Sierra Nevada—a stunning panorama.

We like Nevada in the spring. The

highways are nearly empty, most mountain passes are open, but there is still enough snow on the upper slopes to frame the evergreens. The blood-red snow plant is pushing its way through the snowbanks, and in some of the high southern valleys the creosote bush is so thick that the ground for miles around looks as if it had been mowed. Down in the desert, red, white, orange and purple blossoms dot the roadside. And along the infrequent watercourses the aspens and cottonwoods, putting out tender new leaves, remind you of bridesmaids in light-green dresses. It has been said that heaven is Nevada in the springtime.



Female of the Species

A CURIOUS phenomenon of the zoo is the public reaction to primates. Something about these near-relatives of ours stimulates a special hostility in many people, who seem to take their existence as a personal insult. Children feel this reaction in their elders and are quick to adopt it as their own. A zoologist told me that one day at New York's Bronx Zoo she came upon two small boys, shouting and whooping at a gorilla that was quite inoffensively sitting in its moated enclosure. They were yelling insults, she said, and putting up their fists and shouting: "Want to fight?"

"That's a girl gorilla, you know," she told the boys. They looked shocked and remorseful and quieted down immediately, soon tiptoeing away.

—Emily Hahn, *Animal Gardens* (Doubleday)

AT A Colorado zoo, an elderly chimpanzee gave birth to her first baby, amid rejoicing curators. Everyone was eager to determine the baby's sex and well-being, but mama chimp suddenly became shy and faced into a corner to conceal her baby every time anyone looked at her. Nobody could get a glimpse of her offspring.

One day a young woman entered the primate house with her toddler. She held the little one up so he could see. Mama chimp, huddled in her corner, peered over one shoulder at the young mother. Then she peered again. Suddenly she turned and held her baby high. The two mothers regarded each other and each other's child with admiration and mute congratulation.

—Contributed by Elsie W. Strother

King of storytellers, he still was more colorful than any of his characters

Unforgettable Edgar Wallace

By NIGEL MORLAND

TO a small boy eager for adventure, Edgar Wallace was the most admirable man imaginable. It was in 1915 that we first met, eleven years before he became world famous. He was forty and I was nine, but he treated me as an equal from the start.

Most mornings I went to his London flat near Baker Street with my mother—a family friend and his indispensable assistant, who handled business matters he would entrust to no one else. On arrival, Edgar called me into the study for

a discussion of his day's writing schedule. He loved an audience, and would describe to me with dramatic flourishes the progress of his current story, delighting in my wonderment at its cunning twists of plot. If I tried to persuade him to reveal the identity of the murderer, he laughed and said even he wouldn't be sure until the final chapters. "Why should my readers have all the fun, Nigel? I like to mystify myself, too."

Physically, Edgar was lazy beyond belief; once he even summoned a taxi to take the two of us from one side of Grosvenor Square to the other. Mentally, however, he was the hardest worker I have ever known. He wrote 173 novels, 22 plays, hundreds of stories and serials, countless articles on every

NIGEL MORLAND has written some 300 crime novels under various pseudonyms and is the author of *An Outline of Scientific Criminology* (Cassell) and other technical books. He is a co-founder of the Crime Writers' Association and editor of *The Criminologist* journal.



conceivable subject. He was rumored to dictate simultaneously a novel to a secretary and a play to a Dictaphone, while scribbling an article by hand. The story circulated of an editor who telephoned and was informed by Edgar's secretary: "Mr. Wallace has just started a new book, and must not be disturbed." "Don't worry," said the editor. "I'll hold on."

Nor were the legends far from the truth. Edgar aimed to write a minimum 10,000 words a day, and 12,000 in the calm of Sunday. He

wrote the first few thousand words of a book in longhand, spending more time on the opening chapter than all the rest. "Get the start right," he advised me, "and the story's half written."

Once satisfied, he would lay aside his pen and dictate a steady 2400 words an hour, often for 36 hours on end with only ten-minute catnaps at intervals. I saw him start his novel *The Devil Man* on Friday evening and finish it on Monday morning.

Rattling off stories at such a pace meant that transcribing the growing

pile of Dictaphone cylinders taxed even the skill of his secretary, Robert Curtis, holder of the European typing championship. Curtis was invaluable. To him were left such tiresome details as punctuation and the correction of inaccuracies stemming from rapid dictation—the heroine who started as Joan and reappeared as Mary; the flat situated on the wrong floor of a building.

Edgar's novels alone earned him a fortune. In the late 'twenties, royalties from his publishers averaged £20,000 a year. Plays like *The Ringer* and *On the Spot* were so popular that at one time he had four productions running concurrently in the West End. Yet I never knew a time when Edgar didn't live beyond his income. Accounts were a mystery to him, income tax a nuisance which might go away if ignored. He simply couldn't see why if he made money he shouldn't spend it—and Edgar Wallace's spending, like everything he did, was on a heroic scale.

He loved giving for its own sake, whether buying cars for every member of the family and his secretary, or impulsively doubling the salaries of actors in his plays. He would invite 400 guests to the Carlton Hotel for a party, and Ascot week found him entertaining lavishly in a private box. But wealth never blunted his consideration for others. His great friend Sir Patrick Hastings, KC, once took umbrage when Ascot paddock badges were distributed to

Edgar's guests, pointing out that he could well afford to buy his own. "Of course you can," said his host. "But over there are an actor and his wife who *can't*. Would you have me make them feel they had been singled out for charity?"

His spectacular hospitality was matched by his style of living. He and his second wife Violet, whom he always called "Jim," kept a staff of 22 servants: some at a luxurious maisonette in Portland Place, near Regent's Park, London; others at their country house Chalklands, set in 40 acres at Bourne End, Buckinghamshire.

Every weekend Chalklands was full of friends. Edgar loved to be there with Jim and the four children, whom he adored; to sit down to the ritual Sunday lunch of roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, to order fire drill so that everyone could share the fun of sliding down the canvas chutes of the fire escape.

Stranger Than Fiction. I came to know him as a good friend who taught me the writer's trade. But it seemed to me that none of the thrillers he invented were as exciting as the true tales he told me of his own extraordinary career. He had been born in Greenwich on April Fool's day, 1875, the illegitimate son of actress Polly Richards, who entered a fictitious "William Wallace, comedian" as his father on the birth certificate. At nine days old, he was fostered and later adopted by George Freeman, a

porter at Billingsgate fish market, and brought up by Mrs. Freeman as one of her own ten children.

Only twelve when his schooling ended, he worked as a printer's boy, newsboy, shoe salesman, cook on a Grimsby trawler, milkman and builder's laborer. Then he joined the army and served with the Medical Staff Corps in South Africa, where he was known as "the soldier poet." Buying himself out of the army, he became Reuter's correspondent during the Boer War, and traveled the world as reporter for the *Daily Mail* while writing his first novel, *The Four Just Men*.

Bold Type. Even at the height of his success as novelist and playwright, Fleet Street remained Edgar's spiritual home. "First and last and all the time," he told me. "I'm a newspaperman." His article output always exceeded even the quantity of fiction, and he took great professional pride in never missing a deadline. His favorite haunt was the Press Club, and his election as chairman in 1923 pleased him more than any other honor.

As a youngster, I liked nothing better than to run errands to Fleet Street, importantly carrying the latest installment of a serial which he had handed me with strict instructions to bring back the check. So insatiable was public enthusiasm that it was not unusual to find him with four serials on the boil at once. I have seen him finish a 2000-word installment for *Answers* while a

messenger waited, then switch straight into another installment of another serial for *John Bull*. He had no illusions about this work. In his biography of Edgar Wallace, Robert Curtis recalls how a patronizing critic once asked Edgar what useful purpose an author of thrillers served in life. "My lad," he replied, "I've kept more women awake at night than any other living man."

The readers who bought his books in 25 countries knew him by the widely published photographs usually taken in profile, shadowed lighting lending him an air of mystery. They showed an impressively handsome man with a Roman senator's head, steady blue-gray eyes, a nine-inch cigarette holder jutting from a firm, humorous mouth. He looked to perfection the part of the expert on crime: tough, shrewd, a match for any villain. But beneath the stern and masterful exterior was a sensitive man with a firm belief in psychic influence.

Credit Account. However busy, Edgar always had time for other people's problems, whether old lags trying to go straight or young writers seeking advice. Said novelist Pamela Frankau, recalling how she had benefited from Edgar's guidance: "His generosity was of the spirit. He spent himself as well as his money."

He could never forget the poverty he had known in his youth, and would cheerfully guarantee an overdraft, or advance a loan,

secretly keeping a special "Pals' Account" into which he paid money for this. Once he learned in chatting to a waiter that the man was worrying over the imminent foreclosure of a £250 mortgage on his mother's house. When Edgar had gone, the waiter found a check for £250 under the plate.

Staple Diet. Edgar's tastes in food were simple. When working late, a servant provided relays of rice pudding. Actors in his plays kept their rooms stocked with his favorite snack: doughnuts and ginger beer. He rarely touched alcohol, assailing with missionary zeal any friend whom he thought was drinking too much.

He was a great believer in comfort. His most famous working outfit was a flowered silk dressing-gown; but when it was cold he wore a velvet siren suit my mother made for him, and tucked his feet into a fur-lined muff. He had an obsession about drafts, wearing mosquito boots indoors to fend them off, and his study was as airless as ingenuity could make it. The windows were kept tightly shut, while he sat at a desk enclosed on three sides by a tall glass screen.

To avoid getting out of his red leather chair, he hit on the idea of a tray on rollers for his desk, so that pots of tea could easily be pulled within reach and pushed away again. Such was his passion for weak, sweet tea that he drank at least 30 cups a day.

Eventually, compelled to order a special desk curved to match his growing girth, Edgar reluctantly decided the time had come to take some exercise. No believer in half measures, he had his tailor make a tweed "walking suit," and sent to Harrods for a pair of brogues and a stout stick. On the appointed morning, family and friends gathered expectantly outside his London home. The great man strode off up Portland Place, his chauffeur following discreetly in the Rolls.

Fascinated by the unaccustomed spectacle of Edgar using his legs, we watched him cover perhaps 200 yards before he stopped, climbed into the car, and was driven back. Thankfully settling into a comfortable chair, he delivered his verdict. "I prefer," he said, "to be fat."

Bright Side. Edgar was an eternal optimist. "What does worrying accomplish?" he asked. Often I have heard him say that he woke every morning thanking God that he was alive. He would dash at the morning papers, reading every line to discover what the world had been up to while he slept. He had an insatiable curiosity about the life he loved so well. "There's something to be learned," he said, "from everything and everyone."

He was dubbed the human book factory, yet writing left him with energy to spare. In addition to creating his novels, plays, stories, serials and articles, he managed to



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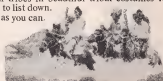
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produce his own plays, act as chairman of British Lion Film Corporation, try his hand at directing films, briefly edit the *Sunday News* and even stand for Parliament—though unsuccessfully—as a Liberal.

Undoubtedly, Edgar would also have been successful as a screenwriter. When I last saw him, in the late summer of 1931, he was considering a contract with the RKO studio and was planning to leave for Hollywood in November. Typically, he arrived at the studio on a Saturday, asked what kind of stories were wanted from him, and delivered the first one on the Monday morning. In the nine weeks he was there he scripted a film still regarded as a cinema classic: *King Kong*. Yet another spectacular career was opening up for him—but in February 1932, still only 56, he died suddenly of double pneumonia.

I was on the quayside when the *Berengaria* brought him home, her flag at half mast as she steamed down Southampton Water. In Fleet Street, church bells tolled in his honor. It was said that his death was felt as a personal loss by a greater number of readers than any other author of his time could claim. As *The Times* put it: "Edgar Wallace became a habit. It was with some not a point of honor but a plain need to read every story that he wrote. They could not have enough of his criminals, firearms, poisons, jewels, warehouses by the river—all the wonderful outfit of crime, and

the mysteries and dangers and horrors that he could spin out of it."

Although his earnings over the previous 20 years were put as high as £1 million, he died insolvent, with debts totaling £134,000. Yet within two years royalties from his books had repaid his creditors. And demand has never slackened.

Multi Media. Since 1932 there have been at least 150 films based on such stories as *Sanders of the River*, *The Squeaker* and *The Case of the Frightened Lady*. Edgar's taut plots make them ideal material for the small screen, too: television series like *The Four Just Men*, *Tales of Edgar Wallace* or *The Mind of Mr J. G. Reeder* have been dubbed into many languages. Four decades after his death, worldwide sales of the books have reached a staggering 20 million copies, with no less than 59 titles currently in print in the U.K. As he once told me: "If someone puts down a novel of mine and says 'that was a damned good story,' I can ask for no higher praise."

But I suspect the tribute he would have valued most is the plaque his fellow journalists mounted on a wall in Ludgate Circus, at the end of Fleet Street, marking the spot where as a ragged boy from the East End he once sold newspapers. Beneath his bronze profile is the legend: "Edgar Wallace. Reporter . . . of his talents he gave lavishly to authorship—but to Fleet Street he gave his heart."

A relatively simple program of chemical therapy can help to relieve one of our most troublesome ailments

LITHIUM: THE DRUG THAT FIGHTS DEPRESSION

By LAWRENCE GALTON

MENTAL depression is America's most common psychiatric illness. All of us have our "blue" days; but, according to a recent survey reported by the National Institute of Mental Health, 15 percent of U.S. adults aged 18 to 74—20 million people—suffer from significant depressive illness every year.

The symptoms can take many forms. For a 39-year-old housewife, attacks of deep despondency became increasingly frequent and severe after the birth of her second child and led to several suicide attempts. For a 48-year-old businessman, a victim of manic-depressive illness, extreme mood swings went down and up. Despair was followed by no less destructive periods of

flamboyant elation. At these times, he felt that he could do no wrong; he undertook irrational business deals and lost heavily at the gambling tables. His recurring illness took him in and out of a succession of sanitariums.

Since 1970, however, both these patients have been happy and productive, free of recurrences of their illness—thanks to a powdery white substance called lithium carbonate. The drug, only recently rescued from the medical scrap heap, has been hailed as unique. Says Dr. Ronald R. Fieve, a pioneer in the use of lithium in this country, and now chief of psychiatric research at New York State Psychiatric Institute's Lithium Clinic, "Lithium carbonate is psychiatry's first pro-

phylactic [disease-preventing] agent. It not only calms manic states but also prevents future recurrences of both mania and depression."

Before lithium's exciting introduction, treatment for the manic stage of manic-depressive illness was particularly discouraging. Anti-depressant drugs were alleviative at one extreme—for the patient suffering despondent sieges only. For the other extreme—manic illness—electroshock and heavy doses of tranquilizers could temporarily control patients, but almost 75 percent were doomed to recurrences.

It was on this troubled scene that lithium made its entrance. Lithium, in the form of its chloride salt, had been used in the 1940s as a popular salt substitute for people on sodium-free diets. It was not known then that lithium might be dangerous for patients with congestive-heart and kidney diseases. When four deaths and many serious poisonings were attributed to lithium chloride, the U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) in 1949 took the drug off the market.

Yet that very year, Dr. John Cade, an Australian psychiatrist, was discovering the value of lithium against mania. Cade was considering evidence that manic-depressive illness might be the result of a fault in body chemistry, much like diabetes and hypothyroidism. He injected urine from manic patients into guinea pigs and observed a toxic effect. When, among other things,

he tried injecting lithium carbonate into the guinea pigs, he found that it exerted a marked calming effect.

Cade then gave lithium carbonate to ten patients during the manic (elated) phase of their illness. In every case, within two weeks the mania disappeared. Two years later, similar results in 30 other patients were reported by other Australian psychiatrists, who also noted that when lithium was continued on a maintenance dosage it appeared to prevent recurrent attacks.

But the idea of prophylaxis for a mental illness was so startling that it was debated for years even by investigators who agreed that lithium was effective in abolishing a manic attack. Then came the confirming work of Danish investigators Mogens Schou and Poul Baastrup, who began studying lithium in 1953. By 1967, Drs. Schou and Baastrup had used it for hundreds of patients. In one of their studies, 88 women who had suffered manic-depressive episodes received lithium and were observed for 78 months. Prior to lithium therapy, the women had experienced episodes on an average of every eight months. On lithium, they went for five years and more without a relapse.

In 1970, lithium carbonate received FDA approval for use in the United States in the treatment of mania. It had been determined not only that lithium was effective in controlling manic behavior within five to ten days but that small main-

tenance doses prevented repeat manic episodes. True, some patients were found to experience some of the same early changes that heralded previous attacks—such as mild restlessness, insomnia or overactivity—but now these came to serve as an alert. An increase in lithium dosage usually aborts the symptoms.

Says Dr. Samuel Gershon, an Australian now at New York University Medical Center, "By paying close attention to recurrent symptoms and adjusting the doses, the patient may be easily managed as an outpatient."

More recently, lithium carbonate has also been found valuable for patients who suffer recurrent depression symptoms only. Dr. Nathan S. Kline, director of the Research Center of Rockland State Hospital, Orangeburg, N.Y., has used the compound to help hundreds of such patients, both at the hospital and in his private practice in New York City. Veterans Administration and National Institute of Mental Health studies in 18 public, private and VA hospitals over a four-year period concluded that lithium "with regular clinical appraisals appears to be a safe and effective treatment for preventing [such] episodes."

In a just-completed comparative study at New York State Psychiatric Institute's Lithium Clinic—where more than 2000 patients have been successfully treated—a group of patients with recurrent depression were placed on lithium maintenance,

while a "control" group received placebo (look-alike, but inert) capsules. The patients on lithium remained well twice as long as the others, and when they did experience despondency, the symptoms were markedly less severe and quickly responsive to anti-depressant medication. A most gratifying statistic: in this group of highly susceptible patients, there has not been a single suicide among those receiving lithium prophylaxis.

In excessive doses, lithium can be poisonous (as virtually any useful drug of any kind can be), and some patients experience unpleasant side effects. But there are now clear guidelines for lithium's safe use, and handling a patient's lithium-maintenance therapy is usually a relatively simple matter, not only for a psychiatrist but for the family physician who makes the effort to learn about it.

At New York State Psychiatric Institute's Lithium Clinic; for instance, new patients are seen by a doctor once a week until they are stabilized on lithium and are clinically well. Thereafter, they come to the clinic once every four weeks for evaluation, behavior and mood ratings, and for the taking of blood samples to test blood lithium levels—all done by nurses and technicians. A psychiatrist is called only if a patient is experiencing a mood change or untoward side effects. Commonly, patients go for a year or more without requiring more than routine checks by a physician.

Yet lithium is not being widely used. Probably only ten percent of patients who could benefit from it are being treated. Urges Dr. Ronald Fieve: "A wide educational campaign should be waged, bringing lithium to the attention of the medical profession and the public."

Meanwhile, the best advice seems to be: If you suspect that you or someone close to you has a depressive problem, tell your family physician about it. Depression should be considered a possibility whenever social, sexual or vocational life is markedly disturbed by a mood

swing. Especially if the swing is cyclical—with highs and lows or repeated lows—the problem may not be psychological but, rather, chemical, and may possibly be alleviated by the use of lithium therapy. Your physician will know the nearest expert in the diagnosis of depressive disorders. If lithium treatment is indicated, there is every likelihood that once it has been started and the proper dosage is arrived at, your personal physician can handle it from there on, making regular monthly tests to assure that all is going well.

Having a Bawl. When asked what she did when her baby cried, one young mother replied, "If there are no pins sticking him, and if he doesn't need to burp, I just figure he likes the sound of his own voice. So I let him listen."

—Contributed by Mrs. Dean Diehl

Slogan Slants

AMERICAN Heart Association billboard in Los Angeles: "Perform a death-defying act. Have your blood pressure checked."

POSTED in a San Francisco library: "Are you booked for the summer?"

—Contributed by Lee Hunt

MISSIONARY recruitment ad in *Maryknoll Magazine*: "Ever think of going into your Father's business?"

SIGN at a Red Cross blood bank: "Sorry to needle you, but it's the only way there is."

—Kelly Pordyce in Indianapolis *Star Magazine*

STATEMENT by Lois Lindauer, national director of the Diet Workshop: "No amnesty for deserters!"

—Bert Bacharach, *King Features*

AN EMPLOYEE suggested this slogan for his accounting firm: "In God We Trust. All Others We Audit."

—AP

IN RICHMOND, B.C., industrial contamination of crops has inspired this slogan: "Let's get the lead out of our plants."

—Jack Wasserman in Vancouver, B.C., *Sun*

Curiosity— That's the Secret

The quality that opens the door
to all that life has to offer

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

SOME people today think of work as a four-letter word. But when I was an undergraduate, during the Depression, work was a very popular word. Those who had it gloried in it, and those who did not spoke of it with longing.

After I completed my university years in Canada I went to Oxford, and there I found a different state of affairs. Work was not mentioned. Sometimes students would leave a party saying, "Well, I have to be getting along now." Everybody knew they were sneaking away to work, but we were all too polite to mention it. Professors were never seen to work. Part of the charm of Oxford was that nobody seemed to work at all. There

PLAYWRIGHT, author, former editor and publisher of the Peterborough, Ont., *Examiner*, and Master of Massey College, University of Toronto, Robertson Davies was recently made an Honorary Doctor of Letters by Trent University. In his convocation address, excerpted here, he gave the students his formula for enjoying work.

was an Oxford secret, however, which I soon uncovered: everybody worked like hell, but they thought it bad form to admit any such thing. One was supposed to take in one's learning from the air.

I caught the infection, and by the time I left Oxford I would no more have admitted that I ever worked than I would have cut my asparagus with a knife. I was a secret worker, a man with a shameful habit. I have lost some of my shame about admitting that I work, however, because in the course of my life, I have found work the most consistently interesting and absorbing thing to do.

I know, of course, that work now has a bad name. It is held responsible for a number of common ills, and the popular psychiatrists urge women to keep their husbands from working if they wish to save them from premature death. The popular moralists also have their knife into the worker. They have been

fulminating for 20 years or more against a dreadful mental attitude they call "the Protestant work ethic." It means if you expect the world to reward you, you must give the world something in return.

But apparently this is contrary to modern thought, which suggests that we should be as the lilies of the field, who toil not, neither do they spin, but who are markedly more handsome than onions. My reply is that if anybody thinks a lily achieves full lilyhood without the most extraordinary application of effort and ingenuity, he had better take a first-year course in botany. The lily is a natural Oxonian: it presents a fragile and exquisite appearance on the surface, and underground it is working furiously. It is the work underground that counts. It is there that the energy and secrets of life are to be found.

If you really work with determination at whatever you have to do, all sorts of things that seem unconnected with your work will be revealed to you. You find out about people; you find out about power, ambition, jealousy, weakness, love, compassion, hatred, failure, despair, generosity, meanness, the splendor of life and what is sometimes the splendor of death. The whole pageant of life engulfs you, not only as a spectator, but as an actor. Everything that life has to give you will be opened up to you through your work.

But I hear you say: he's mad. You know people who have worked like demons for 45 years or more and at the age of 65 are left with nothing but a pension. Their jobs appear to have drained them of almost everything that they possessed. They were victims of, some will say, a cruel social system; others may say it was the lack of some sustaining belief; still others may say it was the barrenness of their cultural lives.

I think they were victims of themselves, first and foremost. They lacked a quality without which no life has any savor or great meaning. And that quality is curiosity. Many years ago, a notable psychiatrist told me that curiosity was one of the most life-enhancing of human qualities—the cement that holds society together, the enricher and prolonger of human life. He was not joking. He saw literally hundreds of people every year who were in desperate straits because they had lost their curiosity.

I believe that if you bring curiosity to your work, it will cease to be merely a job and become a door through which you enter the best that life has to give you. Let me give two examples—two men, both in Peterborough, Ont.—who brought immense curiosity to their jobs, who gave those jobs the best they had in them, and found in their lives that they were rich and influential. One of them, a teacher named F. J. A. Morris, I never

knew. I think he was dead when I came to Peterborough, but he was spoken of so often, and with such affection that he was a living presence. He recognized that he was living in one of the great botanical areas of North America. The nearby Cavan Swamp was full of orchids. Everybody knew it, but nobody paid any particular attention until Morris explored the swamp with some of his pupils, and eventually wrote a book about the orchids there that became a classic of its kind. Thus he found a splendid world and opened it to others.

Morris was an educated man. But another man whom I did know, Roy Powell, an electrician, was a man without much formal education. Roy was rather an eccentric. His method of determining whether or not electricity was coming through a socket was to lick his right thumb and stick it into the socket as far as it would go. If nothing happened he would say: "Yep, she's dead." If blue fire came out of his elbow, he would smile and say, "Nope, she's okay."

But sockets were not the center of his interests. He had been an early investigator of radio, and 60 years ago he demonstrated in Peterborough that a model boat could be controlled by radio waves. When

radio became a commonplace he turned his attention to the study of optics, and loved making optical toys. He invented an improvement on the simple kaleidoscope, and he used to make kaleidoscopes by the score and send them to Toronto as gifts to The Hospital for Sick Children. Roy's conversation was fascinating, his curiosity boundless, and I think he was that extraordinary creature, a truly happy man.

Have I made my point? It is not work that kills, but the narrowing of the spirit, the withering of the sympathies, the pinched naysaying response to life. But the people who make work a door into the whole of the world live *all* of their lives, and then live on in the memory of those they have warmed by the fire of their spirit. They give something we too may pass on to others, and in this way it may be said that the truth and force they brought to life never really die. This quality which I urge you to bring to your work and the world beyond it is the same quality that sustains and enlarges your inner life—that life from which everything you are takes its energy and its character.

Curiosity. That's the secret.

Applesauce

Doctor, gravely: "If you want to enjoy a long life, each time you feel like a drink—eat an apple instead."

Patient: "Sorry, I couldn't digest that many apples."

—Contributed by Olav Sveistrup

Book Section

SECRETS OF THE DESERT

Condensed from 'KGB' by

JOHN BARRON

SECRETS OF THE DESERT

by JOHN BARRON

Vladimir Sakharov was the very model of a Soviet diplomat. Handsome, well-born, a distinguished graduate of the prestigious Institute of International Relations, his every move was a carefully planned step toward the top of the Soviet oligarchy. As a ranking diplomat in Alexandria, he watched as the KGB—the Soviet Union's massive terror machine—infiltrated and subverted what its agents called the "Soviet Egyptian Republic." Sakharov determined that he, too, would be an élite KGB agent. Then, one evening in Kuwait, the course of his life suddenly changed.

VLADIMIR Nikolaevich Sakharov was a young man everyone envied. At 22, he stood 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighed a muscular 235 pounds, had wavy chestnut hair, a handsome face and a reputation for brilliance. His family was influential and by Soviet standards wealthy. His wife Natalia

was graceful, blonde and beautiful.

Sakharov had distinguished himself during five years of Arabic studies at the most prestigious school in the Soviet Union, the Institute of International Relations. Awaiting him was a diplomatic career that promised the perquisites, immunities and material benefits reserved

for Russia's élite. But perhaps most important, Sakharov enjoyed the protection and interest of the KGB, the Soviet Union's omnipotent intelligence agency. And though he is but one individual, the life he led while perched on top of Soviet society and while stationed in Soviet diplomatic posts abroad typifies important aspects of the KGB that rarely can be glimpsed outside the organization. Indeed, Sakharov's experiences yield remarkable revelations about KGB influence on one of the world's continuing areas of crisis—the Middle East.

Early in 1967, Sakharov said good-bye to his wife, who was expecting their first child, and left Moscow for six months of field training in Arabia, preparatory to his graduation. He volunteered for duty as a probationary consular officer in the strategic Red Sea port of Hodeida in the Republic of Yemen. When he arrived, the temperature was 128 degrees F. and the humidity 96 percent. In the next few days he learned that neither ever fell much lower.

The body perspired continuously, a fresh shirt became soaked in five minutes, and shoes, if worn regularly, soon disintegrated from moisture. The Russian colony, consisting of about 600 diplomats, KGB officers, construction personnel and wives and children, huddled together in a cramped compound of apartments that lacked air conditioning and pro-

vided one kitchen for each two families. They lived in dread of virulent native diseases, and in the streets they winced at the sight of Yemeni openly relieving themselves, using stones in lieu of toilet paper. A latrine stench permeated the air.

Yemeni President Abdullah al Sallal was afraid to consort openly with the Russians in the capital even though they had bought control of him. So the KGB acquired a house in Hodeida for secret meetings, and Soviet ambassador Mirzo Rakhmatov periodically drove from Taiz to rendezvous there with al Sallal.

Arriving one morning in late April, the ambassador stopped by the consulate and asked for Sakharov, whose uncle was one of his oldest friends. He announced without explanation that the regular consul in charge of Hodeida would not be returning from the vacation he had just begun in Moscow.

"Young man, I congratulate you. You are now the acting consul," Rakhmatov said grandly. "Knowing your uncle, I have confidence that you can do the job until a permanent replacement arrives." Sakharov was too astounded to ask for a definition of his new duties, and the ambassador hurried off without offering him any guidance.

The next morning Sakharov received a scribbled message saying, "Come and see me, please." It was from Vladimir Lvchenkov, the KGB Resident in Hodeida. The agency's

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top-ranking local officer, he posed as chief engineer for the State Committee for Economic Relations.

Ivchenkov, a wiry blond in his late thirties, was keen, aggressive and charged with nervous energy. He had amassed an encyclopedic knowledge of Arab culture, and approached all problems clinically. When he told Soviet newcomers to Yemen, "The Egyptians need 100 years to master our ways, the Yemeni 300," he was not expressing disdain, merely his dispassionate judgment.

Inviting Sakharov to make himself comfortable in an office cooled by a Westinghouse air conditioner, Ivchenkov remarked, "I suppose you know who I really am?"

Sakharov nodded.

"Let me be frank," said Ivchenkov. "Our first duty is to look after our own people. I want a report about everyone who comes to you. I want to know who's seeing Arabs, who's speculating in currency, who's sleeping with whom, who's dissatisfied—everything. You understand?"

"Perfectly," answered Sakharov.

Pouring himself a heavy slug of King George IV scotch, Ivchenkov asked, "Want some?" It was not yet nine a.m., and Sakharov politely declined. "If you are to deal with Arabs," Ivchenkov said, "you must learn to exploit and control alcohol. It turns them into putty."

"We are taught that their religion forbids it," replied Sakharov.

"Just so," said Ivchenkov. Pacing the office, he began to lecture. "They

covet the forbidden, and cannot handle it. Seat the Arab at a table lined with bottles. Give him soda while you drink whisky and comment about how relaxing it is. After a while, suggest that state occasions take precedence over custom. Once the Arab starts, he cannot stop. When he's drunk enough he'll agree to anything, sign anything.

"One KGB officer won a commendation here," Ivchenkov went on. "It was for stupefying the Foreign Minister and photographing everything in his briefcase."

A Very Fine Friend

WHILE Ivchenkov retained the ultimate hidden power over all Russians in Hodeida, Sakharov now became the man from whom they sought help in their personal lives, quarrels and other troubles. Bored, crammed together in the tiny, torrid apartments, wives argued and even engaged in hairpulling battles over use of the kitchen or bath. Ethnic rivalries led to brawls among construction workers recruited from different Soviet republics.

Sakharov tried to assuage these vexations with patience, wit and sympathy. Before long Volodiya, as admirers called him, came to be known in the colony as a fair and compassionate arbiter, a "good guy," too young to be crusted with bureaucratic cynicism.

All the while, of course, Sakharov privately reported to Ivchenkov, who was soon entrusting him with more substantive assignments—

identifying Yemeni sympathetic to the Chinese, spotting potential KGB recruits among Egyptian forces stationed in Yemen and noting likely Arabs who could penetrate the oil-storage areas of nearby Aden.

After the Arab-Israeli war of June 1967, the Chinese, whose consulate was next door to the Russians', accused the USSR of causing the Arab defeat. Occupied in KGB attempts to counter the Chinese propaganda, Sakharov fell farther and farther behind in his administrative duties. On July 10, hoping to reduce a pile of paperwork, he worked at the consulate alone.

About 10 a.m. he heard an ominous babble outside and from a window saw the approaching vanguard of a Chinese-incited mob. Sakharov probably could have escaped. Instead, he bolted the consulate doors, locked the windows and turned on all the lights to create the impression that others were present. By the time he finished, the building was surrounded by 1500 frenzied Yemeni, shouting Chinese charges of Soviet perfidy.

Stones pounded the building, and as splinters of glass from smashed windows showered him, Sakharov climbed to the roof. There he looked down on the shrieking crowd armed with long, curved knives and old British rifles. Recalling recent attacks on German and American offices, he concluded that eventually somebody in the mob would think of setting the consulate on fire. At that moment, he heard the sound of

rifles and the rumble of trucks bringing Egyptian troops to rout the mob.

By next day, Sakharov was a hero. His attempts to explain that he had done little were interpreted as modesty. The ambassador sent congratulations, Ivchenkov embraced him, construction workers cheered him, and the children shouted, "Volodiya! Volodiya!"

By now, Sakharov was yearning to go home and see his baby daughter Yekaterina, born in May. In September, the evening before his return to conclude his studies in Moscow, Ivchenkov gave him a farewell dinner. As the other Russians left, he insisted that Sakharov remain behind.

"I want you to read something," he said. It was his report on Sakharov's work in Yemen. Everything was factual, but so cleverly worded that the report exaggerated Sakharov's achievements. Anyone reading it would conclude that he was an exceptionally gifted young man with the native talents of a great intelligence officer.

"It is far too good," said Sakharov. "Well, you deserve it, and it won't do you any harm in Moscow," replied Ivchenkov. "Now, let's celebrate."

By 4 a.m. both were quite drunk, and Sakharov, suffused with the spirit of laughing, intoxicated camaraderie, thought no one could have a finer friend than Ivchenkov.

But back in Moscow, after a round of welcoming parties, Sakharov called on Ivan Skarbovenko,

the consul who had preceded him at Hodeida and strangely had not come back. His appearance shocked Sakharov, for he seemed to have aged a decade in a few months. Bitterly, Skarbovenko told what had happened.

His wife had long dreamed of a sea voyage, so he arranged passage on a ship sailing from Alexandria to Odessa. Never had his wife been happier. She anticipated each hour of the voyage and also planned to pick up enough fine Egyptian cotton to sew dresses for a lifetime. Intent on realizing all her dreams, she bought dollars in Yemen for use in Egypt and aboard ship. She knew Russians were forbidden to deal in foreign currency. Yet because so many of them flouted the regulations, she made little effort to hide her purchases. Ivchenkov found out—and inexplicably reported her. When Skarbovenko reached Moscow he was summoned to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, demoted, and barred from going abroad again.

"Ivchenkov did that!" Sakharov exclaimed. "I can't believe it."

"You'd better believe it. It is too late for me, but for you there is still time. Guard yourself against the Chekists.* They have the highest positions, but they are the lowest form of society. They spend all their lives betraying people. They even sell one another. Then the SOBs defect to the Americans and sell the

whole Soviet people. The Chekists will eventually try to make you one of them. Heed me, Volodiya. Have nothing to do with them!"

But Sakharov, for secret reasons of his own, had already determined that if the Chekists did call, he would answer as they wished. Far from dissuading him, Skarbovenko's story had only fortified his resolve to become a KGB officer.

"You Will See Cruelties"

THE CALL came in November 1967. The personnel director of the Institute of International Relations, himself a KGB officer, handed Sakharov a slip of paper and told him to telephone the number written on it. He did so, and was ordered to come next morning to an office in Neglinnaya Street, half a block from Dzerzhinsky Square, and to ask for "Vasilii Ivanovich."

Ivanovich, a plump, middle-aged officer with a paternal manner, greeted him politely. "You understand," he began, "I represent the most respected organization in the Soviet Union—that is the Committee of State Security of the Council of Ministers of the USSR. We have observed you during your last year of study. We know of your command of Arabic and English; your work in Yemen was outstanding."

He specified numerous benefits the KGB would provide, including a good apartment in Moscow and a new suit and pair of shoes each year. He stressed that KGB officers abroad had much more money and influ-

ence than ordinary Soviet diplomats. "At the same time, you will have all the prestige and privileges of a diplomat, which is what everyone will think you are. I will not tell you that our work is without hazards. But I can assure you that always the full might of the Soviet Union stands behind you."

The interview continued about two hours. "I am greatly honored," Sakharov finally responded. "I accept your invitation."

It was as simple as that. The KGB, through its staff officers and informants at the institute, had observed Sakharov.

But there had been no searching investigation of his ideals and motivation, no attempt to divine what he really thought. The reason for this lapse was that the KGB considered Sakharov's family credentials overwhelming. His father was a Ministry of Foreign Affairs courier. For 20 years he had efficiently ferried Soviet secrets round the globe, all the while performing myriad useful services for the KGB. As a consequence, he had influential KGB friends in Moscow and abroad.

Moreover, Sakharov's uncle was deputy-director of the archives department at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. His grandfather was an honored Red Army colonel; his mother-in-law was a trusted Kremlin psychiatrist; and her father commanded a concentration camp for political prisoners, another position of prestige in the Soviet Union.

The KGB also knew that Sak-

harov's closest friends were the sons of its highest-ranking officers. His breeding, background, academic record and performance in the field were ideal.

But what the KGB did not know was that during his parents' long absences for business and travel, the boy had lived with his grandparents—and they were virulently anti-Soviet.

Turkish ancestry had endowed his grandmother with a defiant spirit that made her loathe everything Soviet. "Shit!" she habitually exclaimed upon reading *Pravda*. "Everything the Soviet press prints is shit! Tonight we will get the truth from the BBC." Sakharov often fell asleep listening to the BBC or the Voice of America.

His grandfather was a model army officer who, as an idealistic young communist, had fought in the revolution. In World War II he received two decorations for valor during the Battle of Moscow. But the 1936-38 purges in which most of his army friends perished had left him with nothing but scorn for the cause to which he had given so much of his life. Beyond his own comfortable survival, he now cared only for Volodiya's future.

On his grandson's 12th birthday, the old man spoke to him earnestly, summarizing the philosophy under which the boy was to grow up. "Our society is controlled by a small group of men," he said. "You can achieve the worthwhile life only by becoming a member of the inner circle of

* The name Russians sometimes still use for KGB officers, deriving from "Cheka," the title of the first secret political police created by the communists in 1917.

that group. This is not easy, but if you work and study I will give you anything you want.

"As you make your way upward," he went on, "you will see with young eyes cruelties and injustices. You cannot change them, but once secure with money and position, you will learn to close your eyes and live your own life."

The surest route to the "inner circle" lay through the Institute of International Relations, but competition for entry was fierce. Sakharov's family thus devoted his adolescence to preparations that would give him advantages in that competition.

He swam, boxed, wrestled, played tennis and won third place in the Moscow rowing championships. He took private German and piano lessons. After Nikita Khrushchev decreed that university applicants who had worked at a job would receive precedence over those who had not, Sakharov's uncle arranged a "job" at a high-school physics laboratory administered by a friend. Sakharov showed up in the morning to do his homework, then left in the afternoon to work at sports.

The institute required that every applicant present an endorsement from Komsomol, the youth branch of the party. Sakharov looked upon Komsomol as an absurdity, and though he paid dues to retain membership, he did not attend meetings. But his father telephoned a friend who had a friend who was Komsomol chairman of the Moscow district. There was some discussion of

a portable RCA television set. The testimonial supplied by the Komsomol chairman portrayed Sakharov as a veritable latter-day Lenin.

First Doubts

STUDENTS admitted to the institute entered an exalted caste, recognized as a source of the Soviet Union's future oligarchs. Adults deferred to them, youths from other schools envied them and girls looked on marriage to one of them as a ticket to the good life.

The students themselves maintained a highly refined system of snobbery. The lowest stratum was made up of the relatively few youths of humble origin accepted by the institute for show. Without family influence and forced to live on monthly stipends of 40 rubles (roughly the amount Sakharov spent on taxis to and from school), they willingly acted as informants in return for KGB patronage.

The status of other students was largely determined by their fathers' station in the oligarchy. For example, Dmitri Tarabrin was perhaps the most brilliant and popular of all the institute's young men until his father was suddenly ousted from the American department of the KGB. As knowledge of this disgrace spread among the students, Dmitri stopped receiving invitations to their parties. Within a year his ostracism was complete.

Instruction at the institute, particularly in languages, area studies and military intelligence, was out-

standing. In an atmosphere of semi-military discipline, subtly enforced by KGB officers in the faculty, the students applied themselves during the day.

Outside school, though, a majority, including Sakharov's clique, lived a life bordering on the dissolute. A goodly number each drank as much as a bottle of vodka every evening. Weekends were given over to alcoholic and sexual orgies at the apartments of students whose parents happened to be away. Igor Andropov hosted such an affair early in 1964, at which Sakharov slept with a girl in the bed of the man who now heads the KGB.

Conditioned from his boyhood to shun social inferiors, Sakharov had few friends outside the institute. He shopped in stores closed to the common citizenry; vacationed at state spas out of bounds to the public; and dined at restaurants only foreigners or the oligarchy could afford. Not until 1964, when he was 19, did he have real associations with ordinary people.

That spring he vacationed in Estonia. Although the Russians had occupied the little Baltic nation in 1940 as part of a deal with Adolf Hitler, the Estonians had striven to perpetuate their language and culture. Sakharov found it delightful. However, he was constantly aware of a sullen hostility that the Estonians communicated in every manner they safely could. Twice after requesting street directions he was steered far from where he had asked

to go. In shops, assistants ignored him as long as there was another customer present.

One evening he met a group of Aeroflot crew members who invited him along to a birthday celebration at a restaurant that had a jazz band. When the party was recognized as Russian, the band stopped in the middle of a jazz tune and played *Deutschland uber Alles*. Many diners joined in this insult by rising to sing the old German anthem.

Once Sakharov saw a man buying a fishing rod in a store. He decided to purchase one.

"These are for display only, not for sale," said the assistant.

"But I just saw you sell one," Sakharov persisted.

"For display only," repeated the unyielding Estonian.

"Look, what have you got against me?" Sakharov asked in exasperation. "What do you want?"

"We want you to go away and leave us alone," said the assistant.

Sakharov's next experience among ordinary people came in September 1965, when a party secretary announced: "All students will devote six weeks to assisting our agricultural workers and demonstrating solidarity with our comrades at the kolkhos."

Sakharov and his friends had all read the official stories depicting collective farms as scenes of pastoral happiness born of wholesome toil. Bouncing in a bus along a rutty road to the kolkhos, they looked forward to a diverting lark in the

country. But their first 24 hours left them mortified.

The inhabitants lived in clusters of one- and two-room huts among the potato fields. The huts had dirt floors and no plumbing or electricity. What little heat there was came from small woodburning stoves. The kolkhoz contained one ramshackle store to sell bread, vodka, canned goods and sundries, but its shelves were mostly empty. Years before, Moscow planners had allotted the store a piano and two motorcycles. They were still there, unsold and encrusted with the dried spittle of contemptuous people who could neither afford nor use them. For the next six weeks, the students ate nothing but milk and potatoes—except for four days when bread was available.

Stripped of individual dignity and self-respect, the members of the kolkhoz spoke to one another with a venom and vileness of language that shocked Sakharov. They spoke even more hatefully to the students, whose status and prospects symbolized what they would never attain.

Sakharov felt the most compassion for a woman who, with her daughter, was forced out of her hut to make room for himself and ten of his classmates. She had a dumpy, worn body, straight, stringy hair and a forlorn face marked by dark moles. Each morning and evening she was required to come and cook potatoes for the students who had displaced her.

Sakharov tried to make friends,

but his efforts were to no avail until he gave her a bottle of vodka. For the first time, she smiled, and on subsequent evenings she sometimes stayed to talk with him.

She longed to own a cow. Its milk, which she would sell or consume, would give her a tiny measure of liberty. The state formerly permitted each kolkhoz family to keep one cow and cultivate a small private plot. Khrushchev had abolished this policy on the theory that people would be more productive if not distracted by private enterprises. But the people had worked no harder, and the quantity of food grown had declined. Now the state once more allowed private plots and cows. But the woman had no money for a new cow or seed.

Just before the students returned to Moscow, Sakharov handed the woman a flight bag given him by his father, saying, "I want to give you this." She unzipped the bag to find several bottles of vodka and nearly 100 rubles, all the cash Sakharov had with him. "For a cow," he said. Tears flowed down her wrinkled face.

Sakharov's experiences had denied him any sense of identity with the Soviet people—or any concern for them. Family, schooling and class had taught him that the purpose of life was the pursuit of his own interests. But journeying back to Moscow, thinking of Estonia and the kolkhoz, he began to wonder if perhaps there might not be another purpose.

That autumn at a party, Sak-

harov spotted an 18-year-old girl with golden hair, green eyes, beautiful features and an exquisitely contoured body that made men stare. Having plied her escort into alcoholic collapse, Sakharov gallantly offered to take her home in a taxi. Instead, he took her to his grandparents' apartment for the night.

The girl, Natalia Palladina, was as brilliant as she was beautiful. She quickly mastered whatever she wanted to learn, whether ballet or cooking, foreign languages or art, social graces or Marxist theory. Natalia was an even more spoiled child of the élite than Sakharov.

Her psychiatrist mother, determined that she should be a future queen of the Soviet Union, had molded her daughter from infancy. Natalia's sophistication and regal manners captivated adults, but beneath the beguiling veneer, her mother's ambitions and values made her selfish, willful and materialistic.

Upon meeting her, Sakharov's family was ecstatic. Nothing was more important to them than his choice of a wife. Since his early adolescence, they had subtly encouraged him to bring girls home for the night. Not only did they want to inspect each girl: they wanted his normal drives gratified, so that sexual impulse would not influence his marriage.

In Natalia they saw every qualification his career required. "This is the girl for you!" his father raved. He immediately set about promoting a marriage, showering Natalia

with presents from New York, among them a fur jacket from Saks.

Sakharov and Natalia married in November 1965. Sexual attraction was their strongest bond. But their differences in temperament and outlook soon caused sharp conflicts. Sated by the materialism of his upbringing, affected by his experiences in Estonia and on the collective farm, Sakharov no longer looked on luxury, privilege and status as ends unto themselves.

But Natalia wholeheartedly embraced the values Sakharov had rejected. She treated the slightest frustration of her whims as cause for indignation or an outright tantrum. She and Sakharov argued tempestuously. Sometimes days passed without their speaking to each other. Had it not been for the birth of Yekaterina and their awareness that divorce would preclude them from their common goal of going overseas, they certainly would have separated.

As soon as Sakharov announced his readiness, in November 1968, to join the KGB, Vasili Ivanovich consummated the recruitment by requiring him to sign the standard KGB secrecy oath. Sakharov had assumed that his family would be proud. Yet when he confided that he was joining the KGB, his father shouted at him in rage.

"My son will not be a Chekist! Never!" he yelled. He named friends fired from the KGB after Stalin's death, after the discovery in 1962

that Colonel Oleg Penkovsky was a Western spy, and following some unexplained convulsion in the mid-1960s. "One man makes a mistake and ten innocent men are fired," he continued. "And when the KGB fires you, your life is at an end. You can do nothing. No one will touch you!"

"If you slip in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, you can catch yourself. You are not ruined. And the MFA does not take away your soul."

Overwhelmed, Sakharov asked in bewilderment, "Isn't it true that you yourself have worked for the KGB? Aren't many of your friends in the KGB?"

"I live as I must," his father answered. "There are good men in the KGB, and I have friends—but we will not always be here to protect you. Now hear my warning. If you join, I will disown you."

"Father, it is impossible," said Sakharov. "I have already signed the papers. What can I do?"

"Do nothing," his father ordered. "I will arrange everything."

At the institute next day the personnel department sent Sakharov a note ordering him to telephone the same KGB number he had first called. He ignored it, and the messages that followed. On the third day, the KGB stopped calling. Seemingly, his father's influence had prevailed.

"We Have You Now"

SAKHAROV graduated from the institute in January 1968, and was assigned as an assistant attaché to the Soviet consulate in Alexandria,

Egypt. He, Natalia and Yekaterina sailed from Odessa in May.

Awaiting them on the wharf in Alexandria was a Russian of about 40, with dark hair, a pleasant round face and a paunch spilling over his belt. "I am Viktor Sbirunov, vice consul," he introduced himself. "I have a nice apartment for you right across the hall from mine. Come on, my wife has dinner ready."

As they drank and talked, Sakharov noted that Sbirunov knew virtually everything about him—even his aborted recruitment by the KGB. Later in the evening, in fact, he privately acknowledged that he was the local KGB Resident.

Sbirunov was a tough, aggressive, effective officer, a genuine Chekist. His language was obscene, his jokes vulgar, his table manners messy. "I fought my way up from the village into the KGB and made myself what I am today," he boasted.

An incident that evening demonstrated to Sakharov that Sbirunov was a true Chekist. Three Russian women, one crying and hysterical, came to the apartment as they finished dinner. From what Sakharov overheard of their conversation in the hall, he gathered that the crying woman had just been the victim of an attempted rape.

"You fool! What do you expect me to do?" Sbirunov snapped. "The Arabs are subhuman and act like animals. You are supposed to be civilized. I have told you not to go to the marketplace at night. You are to blame, not the animal. Stop

bawling and go home. If you make more trouble, I will send you back to the Soviet Union."

Returning to the table, Sbirunov shook his head. "The Egyptians are Arabs, and the Arabs are all just like niggers."*

After the wives had retired to another room, Sbirunov referred to Sakharov's dealings with the KGB in Moscow. "You tried to run away from us," he laughed. "No one gets away. You see, we have you now."

Sakharov laughed also. He realized that to avoid contesting his father, the KGB had let him go in Moscow, fully intending to recover him in Egypt. Sbirunov didn't even ask him if he wanted to work for the KGB. From that evening on, Sbirunov and other KGB officers simply told him what to do and treated him as one of theirs.

NATALIA and Sakharov were instantly popular in the Soviet colony. The Russians liked to show off such a strikingly handsome couple, representing them as typical young Soviet emissaries. Natalia was one of the more elegant women in Alexandria. She taught herself English, learned to prepare exotic Middle Eastern dishes, and charmed Russians and foreigners who could help her husband. Though their private relations remained empty and even antagonistic, in every other way Natalia was precisely the asset Sak-

* The word Sbirunov used was the plural of "chernozhopy," which Russians popularly use to refer to black people of all nationalities. Literally translated, it means "black arse."

harov's family had sought for him.

Sakharov, however, needed no help. The eagerness and ease with which he accomplished assignments, menial or complex, led the KGB to congratulate itself for co-opting him into its ranks.

These were dramatic times to be serving with the KGB in the Middle East, where the Soviet Union had mounted its greatest subversive operation of the decade. Soviet leaders coveted control of Middle East petroleum production, accurately equating the power to control or interrupt its flow with the power to blackmail the oil-dependent West and Japan.

By mid-1968, the Soviet Union had progressed far toward converting Egypt into its principal base of subversion against the Arab world. In return for some \$2.5 billion worth of arms and aid, Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser had mortgaged his country's policies and economy to the Russians. Soviet officers gave orders to the Egyptian military. Soviet engineers supervised Egyptian workers in the construction of bases from which Arabs were subsequently barred. Among themselves, only partially in jest, Russians referred to Egypt as the "Soviet Egyptian Republic."

Nevertheless, Soviet dominance of Egypt was neither absolute nor completely secure, and as a consequence the KGB endeavored to build a hidden foundation for an enduring Russian predominance. It recruited agents in the Egyptian

military, the security services, the press, the universities, even among Nasser's personal advisers. Shortly before Sakharov arrived, it also started to penetrate groups sympathetic to the West.

Sakharov, reading secret KGB dispatches, translating intelligence reports from Arabic and listening to KGB shop talk, was able to watch this strategy unfolding. Sbirunov instructed him to cultivate Egyptians the KGB considered vulnerable to subversive overtures.

One was Abdel Madsoud Fahmi Hasan, the young chief of an intelligence unit assigned to protect and watch foreign consulates in Alexandria. "Hasan is a little man now," Sbirunov told Sakharov. "But never forget that little men sometimes grow into big men."

Taking along a bottle of whisky, Sakharov visited Hasan, subsequently inviting him to a diplomatic reception where he presented Sbirunov. Periodically Sakharov called on the Egyptian with gifts, usually caviar or whisky. But after three months, Sbirunov ordered him to stop seeing Hasan.

"He may be offended," said Sakharov. "We have become good friends."

"He understands," Sbirunov replied. Sakharov never saw the Egyptian again. But later he translated reports about Egyptian intelligence that Hasan regularly supplied to Sbirunov.

Major Abdel Hadi el-Sayed was the Egyptian responsible for counter-

intelligence on the Russians in the Alexandria area. The KGB arranged a scholarship for his brother to study in the Soviet Union. Sakharov met the brother before his departure and, using this social link, introduced himself to the major. Thereafter, he followed the same pattern as with Hasan, until Sbirunov interceded to take charge of Major el-Sayed.

Sakharov assumed that his nominal boss, Consul General Oleg Shumilov, had been briefed about his KGB affiliation. However, in June Shumilov asked him to his office and shut the door.

"A very serious matter has arisen," he announced gravely. "I am informed that two nights ago you went to a nightclub with an Egyptian. Our rules are clear, and you violated them by failing to report this contact. Explain!"

"I am seeing the Arab at Sbirunov's orders," Sakharov answered.

"Who do you think you are working for?" Shumilov exploded. "The MFA or the KGB?"

"I am working for the Soviet Union," Sakharov replied.

Shumilov's face reddened. "Young man, I don't care who your father is," he shouted. "If you do anything else without consulting me first, I will ask the ambassador to send you home."

Sakharov went directly to Sbirunov, and the next afternoon a humiliated Shumilov offered him an awkward apology.

The incident left Sakharov with

a liberty rarely enjoyed by Russians abroad. Shumilov no longer dared inquire about his associations. And because he still performed some consular duties, the KGB did not demand as full an accounting of his time as it did from its own staff. Thus, Sakharov was able to take long afternoon drives across the desert—where neither Russians nor Egyptians could follow without being detected. If questioned, he was prepared to answer that he was merely heading for the sea to treat Yekaterina to a swim.

On one occasion when they were frolicking together, an immense man weighing at least 320 pounds wallowed toward them through the surf like a fat walrus. He had a long black beard, coal-black hair and eyes, and an intelligent, raffish face.

Delighted to encounter fellow Russians, he introduced himself in a booming voice as Anatoli Kaznovetsky, Archbishop of the Russian Orthodox Church for all Africa. The archbishop, without doubt, was the most colorful KGB agent in the Middle East.

His principal KGB mission was to persuade clergymen of other faiths to propound the Soviet view on international issues such as Vietnam or the Arab-Israeli conflict. But he also traveled to Cairo about once a month to confer with the KGB Resident there, Pavl Nedosekin, a ruthless wartime terrorist feared by everyone, including Sakharov. In Cairo on business of his own, Sakharov once saw the archbishop

emerge from heavily guarded Room No. 6, where the embassy disbursed funds for clandestine operations.

Kaznovetsky and his tall, graceful wife soon became the Sakharovs' favorite friends in Alexandria. The archbishop was interested in everything. He repaired his own car, distilled his own liqueurs and made his own spearfishing gear. He listened to Bach and Beethoven by the hour, and sometimes drank two bottles of vodka at a sitting with no visible effects except a florid face.

In time, Sakharov felt secure enough to ask the archbishop a secret favor. "Do you think that Yekaterina could be baptized—without anyone knowing?"

"Of course, my son, of course."

The night of the baptism, the archbishop arranged his living room to resemble, as nearly as possible, a chapel, even setting up an altar. He appeared in the magnificent vestments of the Russian Church, adorned with a miter and carrying a crozier. The solemn setting and the organ chorales from the archbishop's stereo made Sakharov feel as if he were in church. After the ceremony Kaznovetsky's wife, in the old Russian fashion, served a festive supper.

Saying goodnight, the archbishop whispered, "Do not worry, Volodiya, no one will know." Both recognized that the KGB would consider the baptism a mark against Sakharov.

Six months or so later, the archbishop approached Sakharov with a problem. The foreign car he owned in Moscow required replacement

parts unobtainable in the Soviet Union. The archbishop had bought all the needed parts in Egypt but, as their importation was illegal, he had no means of transporting them to Moscow. He wondered if Sakharov—with his diplomatic passport—might take them along on his next home leave.

"Of course," said the archbishop, "I do not wish to involve you in any trouble." Then he added, "By the way, how is your beautiful little Yekaterina? Every time I think of her, I feel comforted that she enjoys the blessing of our Lord."

It was sheer blackmail. Despite Natalia's fears, Sakharov shipped the crate with their luggage when they left for a vacation in Moscow in August 1969. As it happened, the customs inspector looked at Sakharov's passport and waved them on without examining their belongings.

Presidential Puppetmaster

WHILE in Egypt, Sakharov traveled to Cairo two or three times a month to discharge tasks for Sbirunov or attend to consular business. During these visits, he learned much about what was really happening behind the bombast and posturing typical of Middle Eastern affairs. His friends confided that Soviet pilots, flying migs with Egyptian markings, were dying in aerial combat. Once the bodies of two Russian pilots shot down by Israeli Phantom jets were brought in from the desert, and he saw their wives weeping on the caskets. He also learned of secret

trips Nasser made to Moscow and of his conversations at the Kremlin.

He learned the most, however, from Sbirunov. Although generally discreet, the Resident at times succumbed to an impulse to impress people with his secret knowledge. Drinking scotch with him one evening in 1969, Sakharov expressed surprise that the kgb had not detected Israeli preparations for their projected attack of June 1967.

"Oh no," Sbirunov interjected. "There was information—exact information. We learned the exact date and hour of the attack. That was sent to the Center [kgb headquarters in Moscow]. We were astonished they did not tell the Arabs. Maybe it was just a fault at the Center, or maybe it was planned. I don't know."

Sakharov was intrigued by this assertion that the kgb withheld momentous information that might have spared the Arabs their military débâcle. He was even more intrigued by a revelation Sbirunov casually made at a routine consulate staff meeting. Sakharov had inquired whether the increasing influence of a comparatively moderate Egyptian editor, Mohammed Hassanein Heikal, might augur difficulties for the Soviets.

"Not so long as Sharaf stays where he is," answered Sbirunov.

"I've never heard of him," said Consul General Shumilov.

"Sami Sharaf is in reality the foremost figure in the government, the man Nasser listens to most," de-

clared Sbirunov. "From our standpoint, he is the most positive force in Egypt. He is the one we rely on."

Sbirunov spoke truthfully—but not wisely. Sharaf was far too important to be exposed to those who had no real need to know about him. In fact, Sharaf was one of the most important kgb agents in the world.

Like Consul General Shumilov, Sakharov had not heard of Sharaf until Sbirunov incautiously praised him. But during the next year, the one subject about which he tried most to learn was Sami Sharaf.

Barely 5 feet 6 inches tall, with round shoulders, bulging stomach, bald head, dark moony eyes and drooping mustache, Sharaf looked like a sad pear. His appearance belied his quick mind, natural talent for intrigue, tough, unscrupulous personality and seemingly inexhaustible capacity for hard work.

Kgb cultivation of Sharaf began in 1955, when he visited Moscow with one of the first Egyptian military missions seeking Soviet aid. Shortly thereafter the pro-communist Ali Sabry, who then headed the Egyptian cabinet, appointed Sharaf his assistant. Sharaf reorganized Sabry's office, in the process gathering power and gaining direct access to Nasser. When he returned to Moscow in 1957, the kgb again assiduously courted him.

Even former kgb officers familiar with the Sharaf case are not sure when he became a controlled agent. But subsequent to 1958 Sharaf was not mentioned by his true name at

the Center or in kgb dispatches. Instead, the kgb referred to him by the type of code-name reserved for controlled agents. His was Asad, the Arabic word for "lion."

Under the misleading title of Director of the President's Office of Information, Sharaf emerged in 1959 as the de facto chief of Egyptian Intelligence. He adopted the pose, carefully fostered by the kgb, of a fervent Arab nationalist. Sharaf argued that Egypt's domestic goal should be social democracy, along with a foreign-policy objective of Arab unity leading to Israel's dismemberment.

Secretly, with or without Nasser's knowledge, Sharaf consummated a deal providing for joint Egyptian-kgb operations and Soviet training of Egyptian intelligence officers. The arrangement permitted the Russians to further penetrate the Egyptian government through the officers they indoctrinated. It also provided Sharaf with a pretext to meet openly his kgb case officer in Cairo.

By the early 1960s, Sharaf approved all foreign assignments of Egyptian personnel, supervised security investigations of government employes and determined which reports reached Nasser, as well as the content of his daily briefings. Thus, through Sharaf, the kgb controlled the intelligence that Nasser relied on to form his judgments and national policy.

By 1967 Sharaf had attained power in Egypt second only to that of the President himself. He relayed

presidential orders to cabinet ministers, becoming in effect their superior.

But his greatest influence derived from his success in masking his true allegiance. Nasser realized that Russian advice might not coincide with Egypt's interests. He also recognized that many of his associates—Sabry, Interior Minister Sharawi Gomaa, and War Minister Mohammed Fawzi—were Soviet allies. But he had no reason to question his trusted intelligence chief, who steadfastly maintained the pose of an Egyptian patriot. Sharaf was the one man, in fact, upon whom Nasser felt he could rely for objective counsel.

And during the critical spring of 1967, when Nasser was making the decisions that would lead to war or peace with Israel, Sharaf presented him with the picture of the world the KGB wanted him to see.

The Golden Land

In May 1970, Soviet Ambassador Sergei Vinogradov called Sakharov to Cairo. After flattering him about his performance in Alexandria, he announced that the "neighbors" (an MFA term for the KGB) had requested that Sakharov be assigned to Cairo. Sakharov accepted with alacrity. Cairo was a major center of KGB operations, and he particularly wanted to be stationed there.

But unexpectedly, his plans were to be thwarted. A few days later, Sakharov's mother telephoned from Moscow. "Have you heard about your new assignment?" she asked.

"Yes, I saw the ambassador last week."

"Oh, it's not the one you think," his mother said proudly. "You are going to the golden land. Your father has arranged it."

Disguising his disgust, Sakharov muttered some words of thanks. In the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, the "golden land" meant Kuwait, the oil-rich Arabian emirate on the Persian Gulf. Years before, through some bureaucratic miscalculation, the Soviet government had authorized Kuwait personnel an unduly high cost-of-living allowance. With this extra money Soviet personnel there could buy duty-free Western goods that commanded huge sums in Moscow, and could thus accumulate a small fortune. Sakharov had long ceased caring about money, but he did care about what he could learn in Cairo. Once more, though, his family had interceded to change and control his life.

Conditions in Kuwait were radically different from those Sakharov had known in Egypt. In Egypt, the Russians could do as they pleased. But the Kuwaiti security service was efficient, vigilant and devoid of any illusions about the Russians. Moreover, the Kuwaitis realized that so long as the Soviet Union wished to maintain diplomatic relations with them, they could maintain as tough a policy as they liked toward KGB personnel.

In Western countries, KGB officers have swung at photographers, assaulted citizens and staged kid-

napings, yet remained physically untouched by the local police. But a Kuwaiti policeman, after being slugged by a drunken Soviet officer, knocked down the Russian and beat him. The police kept the Russian in jail for three days, then ordered the embassy to come and get him.

The Soviet colony itself was in a state of mutinous disarray, caused by the newly arrived ambassador, Nikolai Kuzmich Tupitsyn—an aging, tyrannical bureaucrat who enjoyed flaunting authority. He banned the sale of duty-free liquor, prohibited recreational use of the embassy motor launch and forbade the traditional farwell parties. He himself drank steadily from mid-morning on, and imported four lackeys from Moscow to develop his own information network within the embassy.

Normally, the KGB Resident would have informed the Center of such an ambassador. Yet the Kuwait Resident, Lieutenant Colonel Vladislav Sergeevich Lobanov, had retreated into himself after 25 years of espionage and subversion. He still did his job, but without the old Chekist impulses.

In this dismal working climate, Sakharov expected to see or learn little. But in his second week in Kuwait, Lobanov gave him an assignment for which he could not reasonably have hoped.

Lobanov knew no Arabic. Neither did the GRU (Military Intelligence) Resident, who barely spoke English. A translator promised by the Center

was long overdue, and a growing backlog of reports remained untranslated. Because of the KGB endorsements from Egypt that preceded Sakharov's arrival, the Resident felt he could trust him to process them.

The agents' reports, files and messages to which Sakharov now obtained access were revealing. And he learned much more as he was taken into the confidence of both the KGB and the GRU Residents. In time he was able to identify agents, recognize embryonic penetrations and discern the general outlines of four major Soviet operations in the Middle East.

One was aimed at sabotaging the oilfields and subverting the government of Saudi Arabia, where the KGB had established and was attempting to sustain a terrorist guerrilla organization. Sakharov translated several reports from KGB agents planted among the terrorists. Each contained some complaint about the difficulty of operating against the Saudi government, and one bemoaned the quick execution of captured terrorists.

The KGB had also begun to build terrorist cells in the oil sheikhdoms south of Kuwait. Here again it sought to wrest control of another source of Middle East oil vital to Western Europe and Japan. To attract future terrorists, the KGB held out to youths of these sheikhdoms the lure of scholarships in the Soviet Union. Sakharov noted that 80 young men from the tiny sheikhdom of Qatar alone had already

been ferried clandestinely to Russia through Cairo.

A third operation, a brutal campaign of urban terrorism, kidnapping and assassination, directed against Turkey, was much more advanced. Agents recruited by KGB officers and trained in the Soviet Union inducted Turkish radicals into the terrorist movement, then slipped some of them into adjoining Syria for training in Russian-supervised camps. The consequent violence in Turkey, which produced martial law, curfews and other social dislocations, typifies how the KGB has perfected the technique of convulsing a society at little cost or risk to the Soviet Union.

Finally, the KGB was attempting to penetrate and exploit the Palestinian guerrillas. The Russian purpose was to neutralize Chinese influence among them, and ultimately to harness them as a force against those Arab leaders trying to stay independent of the Soviet Union. In the summer of 1970, the KGB began smuggling arms to the Palestinian Liberation Army through Egypt.

Sakharov discovered no evidence of Soviet complicity in the hijacking and destruction of commercial airplanes that the Palestinians undertook shortly after they were assured secret Russian support. But the Russians were alarmed by the possibility that their clandestine relations might be exposed. On May 10, 1971, the Soviet Central Committee issued an urgent, top-secret

order forbidding all Soviet embassies to have further dealings with the Palestinians. Contacts thereafter were made by KGB officers in the field.

Though none of these operations originated from Kuwait, the KGB and GRU Residents there assisted in all of them. The information Sakharov obtained was, of course, often fragmentary. But he did glean names of Armenians, Sri Lankans, Indians and Britons living in Kuwait who were used by the KGB in its operations against the sheikhdoms and Saudi Arabia.

Sakharov earned Lobanov's confidence through his display of efficiency, enthusiasm and diligence. As in Egypt, he established a routine that allowed him time alone on deserted beaches and at the office. He awoke about 6 a.m., had breakfast, then drove to the beach, ostensibly for a swim. At 2 p.m., when the tropical workday ended, he returned to his apartment from the embassy, ate lunch and took a nap. He often went back to the embassy around 7 and worked alone until 10 or 11 o'clock.

Like Soviet Referentura personnel the world over [the Referentura is the secret working space reserved for the KGB within any Soviet embassy], the guards were not allowed off the grounds without an escort. Sakharov often volunteered to escort them, took their wives shopping, brought them snacks at night and became their friend. He hoped that, in some future emergency, he might

prevail upon them to bend the rules and let him into the Referentura alone for a few minutes.

Bombshell from Cairo

ON THE morning of May 22, 1971, Sakharov called on Lobanov, intending to suggest that he was ready to become a staff officer of the KGB. Soon he would be recalled for at least two years to the Ministry in Moscow, where his access to information might be relatively limited. He now needed to join officially and permanently, no matter what his father thought.

But before Sakharov could even bid him good morning, Lobanov asked, "Have you heard the news from Cairo?"

"No, I have been swimming."

"They have wiped us out!" exclaimed Lobanov. "Sadat arrested all our people—Sabry, Gomaa, Fawzi—everybody!"

"Was there a man named Sharaf?" asked Sakharov.

"The intelligence chief? Yes, him too," responded Lobanov.

Egypt's new President, Anwar Sadat,* had not "wiped out" all KGB agents in the Egyptian government. But he had crushed an imminent coup and created absolute pandemonium in the Kremlin.

The Russians had totally misjudged Sadat. When he succeeded Nasser in September 1970, they looked upon him as a colorless mediocrity who could easily be dis-

placed. But Sadat soon demonstrated shrewd competence and an alarming inclination to govern Egypt in terms of its own interests rather than of the Soviet Union's. Though Sadat was neither pro-Western nor anti-Soviet, he was sufficiently independent that by early 1971, the Russians decided they should dispose of him.

On April 15, an Egyptian delegation left Moscow after observing the 24th Party Congress. One member, Sami Sharaf, stayed behind for a "medical checkup." Actually, Sharaf remained to consult the KGB about a coup intended to install its own group of Egyptian rulers and transform the country openly into a "Soviet Egyptian Republic." Somehow, Sadat learned of the plot and crushed it, arresting Sharaf and 90 other conspirators.

In the Kremlin the arrests raised a specter of disaster. The whole Soviet position in the Middle East, as well as a multibillion-dollar investment, seemed jeopardized. Fearing mob assault on their Cairo embassy, the Russians hurriedly erected a wall round it and stationed soldiers with machine guns on the roof. Soviet President Nikolai Podgorniy flew to Cairo to try to repair the damage. Through a combination of threats and promises, he extracted from Sadat a treaty pledging continuing Egyptian cooperation. Despite the treaty, the Egyptians sentenced Sharaf to death for treason, though Sadat commuted the sentence to life imprisonment.

Because Lobanov was so preoccu-

* See "The Man Who Changed Middle Eastern History," *The Reader's Digest*, July '74.

pied with the Egyptian situation that morning, Sakharov decided to await a more propitious time to broach the subject of joining the KGB. But Lobanov went on leave in early June, before Sakharov could speak to him.

EACH DAY, driving to and from the embassy, Sakharov rounded a certain traffic circle and scrutinized a Volkswagen sedan that often parked there. Sometimes books, toys and other items were visible in the rear window of the car.

But on the afternoon of July 10, 1971, Sakharov saw something in the Volkswagen's rear window that made his hands tremble and his heart pound—a bouquet of flowers. It was an emergency signal from the American Central Intelligence Agency. Vladimir Nikolaevich Sakharov was a CIA agent, and had long been one. Now, by so placing the flowers, the CIA was telling him he was in danger and must flee.

Into the Desert

THE ESCAPE plan required him to meet the Americans at a designated site at 11:20 p.m. Sakharov looked at his watch. It was 2:11 p.m. He could hear the words of the American officer who had drilled him in emergency escape procedures: "If it happens, above all else, stay calm. Remember, they may already be watching you."

Sakharov had vowed to himself and the CIA that he would live the rest of his life in the KGB, secretly

resisting. He had no idea of the kind of life he would begin at 11:20, assuming that he survived until then. He knew only that the end of his marriage would be merciful for Natalia and him. But there was Yekaterina.

His efforts at lunch and a nap were in vain. About 4 p.m. he slipped a .32-caliber Beretta automatic pistol into his pocket and called to Yekaterina. They drove aimlessly until sundown, when he stopped by the sea. He watched her, beautiful and laughing, run up and down the beach, shrieking whenever a small wave washed over her feet. Suddenly she ran to him and jumped into his arms. "Papa, why are you crying?" she asked.

"I am not crying, Katushka," he said. "I just have sand in my eyes."

Sakharov wanted to be kind to Natalia, to communicate to her in some way that he respected her. For all the hell of their marriage, she was still an intelligent woman with whom he had shared parenthood and six years of his life.

He decided that he could be kindest by leaving her with no remnants of affection for him. So, after they put Yekaterina to bed, he provoked an argument. All their grievances against each other poured out in vindictive words until she screamed, "Get out! Get out!" Then he kissed his sleeping daughter and drove off to the embassy, where the guard let him in as usual.

There, Sakharov removed documents from his safe, then went to

the Referentura on the second floor. "Vasil, something urgent has come up," he told the guard. "Could you let me in for a few minutes?"

"Why not, Volodiya?"

At 11:05 p.m. Sakharov said good-night to the guard and walked away toward the desert, leaving the keys in his car. The only personal belongings he carried were the automatic pistol and his baptismal cross. About noon the next day, Russians began grimly patrolling the airport and highway border crossings out of Kuwait. By then, Sakharov was thousands of miles away.

TO SAKHAROV, espionage had represented the only effective form of rebellion. It caused him feelings of neither guilt nor disloyalty. Like others of his generation, he never had acquired a sense of identity with the Soviet Union or an allegiance to it.

Both in orgies with his peers and in the despair of the collective farm, Sakharov had experienced a degradation that caused him to reject the values he had been taught to prize, and eventually to hate the system that spawned them. Even while a student, Sakharov had resolved to strike at the prevailing Soviet order by establishing relations with a Western intelligence service.

When he approached the Americans, he sought neither pay nor asylum—only the opportunity to help subvert the system by undermining the KGB. For that opportunity, he had daily risked his life—and given it a sustaining purpose.

The story of Sakharov is unavoidably incomplete because he has refused to disclose when, where or how he became an agent of the CIA. Throughout extensive interviews with him, in which he spoke of his experiences and emotions frankly, sometimes painfully, he nonetheless declined to reveal precisely what he did for the Americans.

One of the more intriguing unanswered questions in the Sakharov case is why the CIA chose to withdraw an agent of such value and potential. Apparently, it believed he was in danger. But why?

Sakharov fled Kuwait shortly after the Egyptian government arrested Sharaf and 90 other Soviet sympathizers. Although he obviously could not have caused the arrests, maybe there was some relation between them and his flight. And maybe not. However, Sakharov undoubtedly did damage Soviet Middle East strategy by the intelligence he provided the CIA—and therein lies the significance of his story.

Soviet policies based heavily on clandestine action are in effect hostage to the conspirators assigned to execute them. At times—as in the case of Sakharov and other disgrusted KGB defectors—they can be ruined by the lone individual who elects to betray them.

Yet despite the reverses and risks incurred, Soviet leaders from Lenin onward have evinced no inclination to diminish their reliance on clandestine actions. One reason may be found in their philosophy. Former

U.S. Ambassador George Kennan writes of earlier Soviet leaders: "These, it must be remembered, were all men who had renounced, as a matter of ideological conviction, the view that there were any absolute standards of personal morality to which one owed obedience. Usefulness to the cause of social transformation, as defined by themselves, was the supreme determinant of right and wrong in all human conduct, including their own. With relation to people outside the party, this was indeed the only criterion. Here, dishonesty, trickery, persecu-

tion, murder, torture were all in order, if considered useful and important at the moment, to the cause."

Such men naturally considered it better to steal than to buy from another country; better to seek control of a man than to seek his cooperation; better to compromise an ambassador than to compromise with his government. Perhaps it would be unfair to impute this exact same outlook to the contemporary Soviet leadership. Nevertheless, the present leaders remain steeped in clandestine ways and addicted to dependency upon the KGB.

Class Conscious

A FORT WORTH man, Sam McKenzie, recalls a school homecoming several years ago, where a buxom woman rushed up to him, arms outstretched. He was only partially successful in avoiding the embrace and the kiss that followed. "You look as handsome as ever!" she exclaimed. "Who's that blond fellow with glasses standing by the head table?"

"That's Alex McGinchey, class of '47," McKenzie replied.

She headed for McGinchey. "It's great to see you, Alex!" she bubbled, and he was enveloped in a flash. Then she asked him, "Isn't that man in the dark suit John whatsisname?"

"No," he said. "That's Bill Edwards, class of '45, and he's talking to Don Collins, class of '47." She rushed over to them.

McKenzie and McGinchey began comparing notes and realized that neither one knew her. They approached the school superintendent and asked, "Who's that old gal? When did she go to school here?"

"She never set foot in this school before," he said. "But don't spoil her fun. She came with the caterers."

—George Dolan in Fort Worth Star-Telegram

TWO WOMEN were discussing their up-coming class reunion. There was a question about one member. One woman had heard that he had passed away, the other one wasn't sure. "Shall we list him with the deceased class members?" asked the skeptic. "What if we're wrong?"

"But I'm sure I saw an article in the newspaper about his death," replied the other.

"What if we put him on the list and then he showed up at the dinner?"

"Well, we could always give him the prize for coming the longest distance."

—Contributed by Doris Mumper

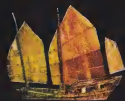
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